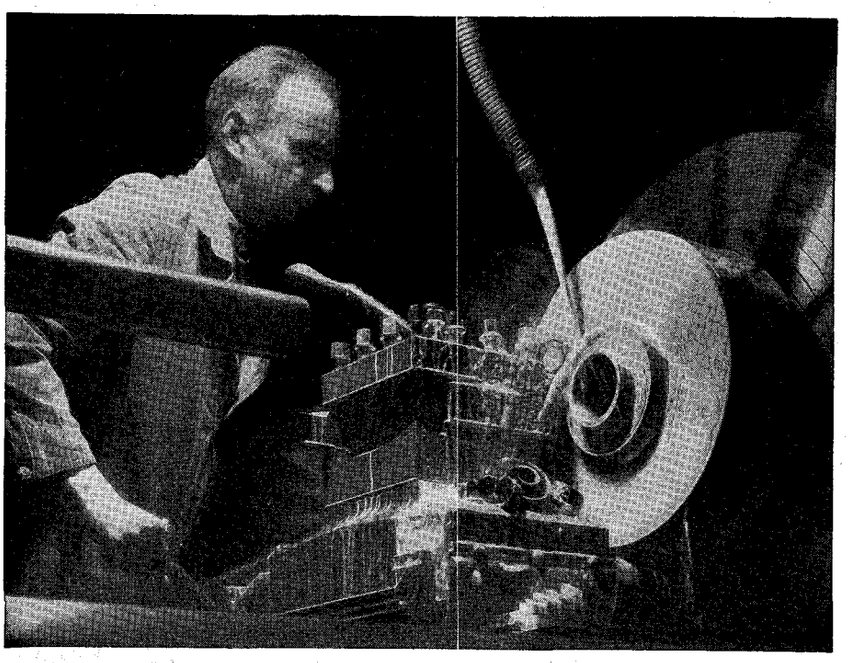

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Literary Digest

for March 28, 1936

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Travel

One More Frontier

Alaska: Where Men are Men and Gold Lies Waiting

We couldn't sit and study for the law;
The stagnation of a bank we couldn't stand;
For our riot blood was surging, and we didn't need much urging
To excitement and excesses that are banned.

So sang Robert W. Service, immortalizer of Yukon and Klondike, in "The Rhyme of the Restless Ones." One restless one was Rex (Ellingwood) Beach. His brothers were successful Chicago attorneys, but Rex couldn't sit and study for the law.

Chucking it, he gold-rushed to Alaska in 1897, mushed with dog-sleds, and moiled for gold.

On his return to America, Beach became a brick-salesman, and rose to the vice-presidency of the firm. Then he began writing about the North, which he never has forgotten.

When he writes, he wears glasses, but they don't help his color-blindness. He uses green paper (because it appears white to him) in a loose-leaf note-book, and writes in longhand.

To-day the heavily-built six-footer with blue eyes, gray hair, and a fish-hook scar on the tip of his nose, lives in Sebring, Florida, where he raises celery, making almost enough for his family to live on. Every morning he has a breakfast which may consist of grapefruit, canteloup, blueberries, strawberries, and coffee. Then he goes to work.

He smokes, drinks, and yawns while writing. He always rewrites everything at least once. Alaska still is his favorite topic, as two current magazines show.

In *New Horizons*, the new air-travel magazine, he tells how:

"Alaska has always spelled hardship, hazard, adventure, spoils. It stands for something remote . . . forbidding.

"The very name conjures up visions of ships half-sunk under mountains of freight, their decks and rigging black with shouting men: of bleak, wind-swept Chilkoot Pass up which a file of human ants creeps to the very sky: of Miles Canyon and White Horse, those roaring death-traps into which they hurl themselves with curses or with prayers: of blazing gold-camps where it was said that never a law prevailed.

"That was the Alaska of the gold-rush era. There never has been and there never will be anything quite like it. For many it was a land of toil and sweat and disappointment, for the few it became Golconda. It yielded fortunes for the lucky ones, but . . . its richest treasures remain untouched.

"Men still wash its gravels, stamp-mills thunder, trappers tend their lines, and fishermen by the thousands turn its silver salmon into gold. To the traveler in quest of health, relaxation, sport, or adventure, it remains a *Sindbad's Cavern* which never can be robbed.

"It used to be an incredibly vast country, its secrets were grimly guarded, every purple valley was a pathway to the unknown, and peril walked with those who followed them. But its distances have shrunk, it is no longer remote, its trackless wilds can be crossed in a matter of minutes or hours, and its impassable mountain barriers have become a mere spectacle to look down upon. On wings the modern traveler soars to the inaccessible."

Changing Alaska

What these wings—of modern aviation—have done for Alaska is recounted in an *American Magazine* article by Mr. Beach:

"Since the arrival of the air-plane, dog-teams have become something of a curiosity, for everybody flies. The air-mileage per capita is said to be higher than anywhere in the world, and, yet, less has been done to encourage and to foster aviation there than in any of our possessions. . . .

"Not one cent of public money has been spent for air-ports; there is no air-mail service to link the Territory with the States; inside its boundaries there is but one air-mail route, and that, like a pair of skates, is used only part time. . . .

"Isn't it high time we lent a hand to those intrepid Alaskan flyers who haul its freight and passengers, who gamble with its glaciers, and risk their lives on blind mercy-flights?

"Wouldn't it profit us to spend some of the money that is flowing elsewhere in quantities to establish a decent air-mail service in the North, and to build landing-fields, hangars, light-beacons, radio control, and weather-stations?

"It would open up new mines, create work for thousands, build towns, and swell our national bank-roll.

"There's millions in it."

Ewing Galloway, New York

Alaska's Malemiuts still make fire with friction-drill while air-planes, winging overhead, make dog-teams obsolete

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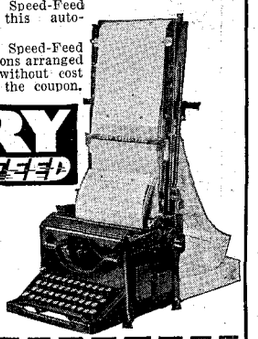

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Oil and Vitriol on Relief Waters

Debate Over Pre-Election Expenditures and Boondoggling Projects Rises as Roosevelt Asks Another $1,500,000,000

Ferreting out funny boondoggling is a sweet pastime for anti-New Deal papers.

The New York *Sun* smiles at WPA's "five-mile road to the Valencia County line" from Reserve, New Mexico.

"The Valencia County line, unfortunately, is approximately fifty miles away," it adds. "Obviously a rubber road."

After President Roosevelt asked last week for $1,500,000,000 to carry on work-relief for another year, critics could use the Valencia County Road for analogy.

The President was asking too much, jeered some; he wanted the money to last until the November elections. He was asking too little, jeered those who agreed with Works Progress Administrator Harry L. Hopkins: the amount would not reach past March, 1937, if that far, "unless there is a pick-up in private employment."

Business Prodded

The President had relied on such a pick-up in making his calculations. He prodded business to do its part. He pointed out that the $1,000,000,000 unspent from last year's appropriation and the $600,000,000 set aside to finance a reduced Civilian Conservation Corps would swell the relief total. He tossed it to Congress as a lump sum, without suggestion as to how it was to be divided or administered.

"In his message he proposes that the WPA be permitted to carry on its program without change," the Baltimore *Sun* chides. "In this section of the message is to be found no self-criticism whatever, no hint as to the obvious shortcomings of the WPA. Despite the abundant evidence of the wasteful and uneconomic character of many of the work-relief projects, the President simply assumes that all is well with the WPA and that there is no valid reason for altering either its methods or its program."

In no time at all Congressmen showed they would not let the assumption stand.

"The relief message is a complete confession that after expending $8,570,200,000 for the fiscal years 1934, 1935, and 1936, no appreciable inroad has been made on the country's greatest problem, unemployment," Representative Everett M. Dirksen, Republican, of Illinois, charged.

"The request for additional relief funds at this time is the last grab of the Treasury before election," Representative Bertrand Snell of New York, Republican House Leader, scoffed. "The official Treasury statement for March 16 shows an unexpended balance of $5,907,000,000 in emergency and relief appropriations. On what grounds can new appropriations be justified at this time, with such huge unexpended balances available?"

"It is a complete surrender to the American Liberty League," was Representative Vito Marcantonio's blast from the Left. "If it took $4,800,000,000 to take care of 3,500,000 persons in 1936, how can we appropriate only $1,500,000,000 in 1937?"

Senator Bennett C. Clark, Democrat, Missouri, was "sick of voting blank checks."

But others backed up the President.

Speaker Joseph W. Byrns believed that the message showed "that the President wants to hold down relief appropriations."

"Conditions are getting so much better" that Representative Clifton A. Woodrum, Democrat, of Virginia, predicted "we may not need as much as $1,500,000."

From this mixture of vitriol, and oil for troubled waters, Congress debate and the relief investigation sought by Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania may achieve a palatable compound. There will be those ready to charge, too, that "whitewash" provides a third ingredient.

The Astor-Moley magazine *Today* harbors no illusions that the "controversy that will rage in the next few weeks" will "throw any light on the fundamental problem that transcends them all—how is this nation going to care for its unemployed."

If it is true, that weekly warns, that "somehow Government must permanently undertake to care for three or four million persons, then public provision should be made for their employment on a different basis and under different conditions than those which exist in the WPA, which is a professedly temporary scheme. . . . (They) must be given work which has a bearing upon the actual long-time needs of the country—work which is permanently valuable, whether it be in the field of education, public health, or road-building."

CCC as Example

Many see the Civilian Conservation Corps, established in 1933 to "build forests and men," as one experiment which has met the requirements *Today* poses.

At its peak, when the sight of khaki-clad youths piling into trucks and setting out to build trails, blaze out roadbeds, reclaim swamps, fight forest fires, had become familiar all over the country, the CCC boasted an enrolment of 600,000. Threatened reduction of the CCC to 300,000 by July 1 irritated a strong House bloc.

Representative Jack Nichola of Oklahoma wants to make sure of a $157,000,000 slice from the new $1,500,000,000 relief fund to carry the present 2,158 CCC camps to July 1, 1937.

His was the first bid to earmark some of the money. There will be other bids, and little relief from relief—"Congress's worst headache."

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CCC: "The sight of khaki-clad youths . . . setting out to build trails, blaze out roadbeds, reclaim swamps, fight forest fires, had become familiar all over the country"

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Borah Pointed for Red Letter Day

Ohio Primary, May 12, to Give Cue on How Intensely He Will Stump Nation in Fight to Win Republican Nomination

Blooming

—Messner in the Albany Knickerbocker Press

"I'm Not Looking for a Rough Rider"

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Circled in red on Senator Borah's calendar is May 12, 1936.

A Republican Presidential primary will be held in Ohio that day. The Senator from Idaho hopes to win that State's fifty-two delegates to the Republican National Convention. If he does, he will stump the country in his own behalf, leaving no stone unturned to gain the Republican nomination for President.

Once nominated, he believes he has a good chance of being elected.

So does Dr. Francis E. Townsend of California. Last Sunday Doctor Townsend abruptly told the United Press that his old-age revolving pension organization, for which he claims 4,000,000 members, would join the Borah ranks.

Senator Borah's drive was off to a good start. At Youngstown, Ohio—to reach which he had to battle floods—he had fired his first fusillade a few days before.

It was a militant speech. Shaking his leonine head, he hurled words at his audience of more than 3,000 men and women.

Declaring that he was not in the race merely to dominate the Convention, to name a candidate and write a "liberal" platform, he stated his ideas on the needs of reorganization of the Party and on a progressive party platform for the year.

Booms Purpose

"If I can be nominated by any honorable means," he boomed, "I am going to take the nomination. And I am going to use all honorable means that I know of to procure it."

Then he explained his attitude on the currency, insisted he favored a stabilized dollar, was not an advocate of inflation, and announced some of the planks upon which he will build his campaign.

Said he, his voice dominating the hall:

"I would like to see bureaucratic government reduced to a minimum. The elimination of all unnecessary bureaus and commissions which are placing an unbearable tax burden upon our people. . . .

"I do not believe in the philosophy of scarcity; so long as millions are hungry, I would not curtail production. I would rather pay the farmer to produce than to destroy.

"I am not in favor of inflation and never have been and neither do I favor deflation."

Commenting on the Senator's speech, the Cleveland *News*, a Republican paper, says: "Tho they may not favor Senator Borah for President, all delegates to the Republican Convention ought to be smart enough to write on their cuffs this bit of advice he gave at Youngstown: 'Find out why ten million voters bolted the Party in 1932 and how we can secure their return. . . . Select men whose faces are toward the dawn, who believe in liberalism and who want the Republican Party returned to power.' That's good advice based on good sense."

Forlorn are Senator Borah's hopes, is the belief of the Dayton *Daily News*, Independent Democratic, which says: His "speech . . . is a gallant effort in what he must know is a hopeless cause. . . . Borah is setting out to do a thing which strong men have been trying from the last days of Abraham Lincoln to do—and all in vain.

"He is trying to liberalize, to humanize the Republican Party. . . .

"His valor is unquestionable, his discretion in doubt."

Valorously, two days later, Senator Borah invaded the home territory of Col. Frank Knox, another Republican aspirant, to plead again for a liberalized party. The Illinois primaries come April 14.

Exit "White House Pet"

Senate Makes Short Shrift of Florida Ship-Canal

The Senate made short shrift of a "White House pet" last week.

Together with the Passamaquoddy project to harness Bay of Fundy tides in Maine for water-power, a ship-canal across Florida was known to be of special interest to President Roosevelt.

Last fall he appropriated $5,400,000 of WPA funds to scoop a channel 206 miles long from Jacksonville to Port Inglis.

The Senate and House Appropriations Committees, however, decided that neither pet had been authorized by Congress, and left them both out in the cold, by disregarding the President's recommendation for more funds.

Whereupon Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, seventy-six-year-old Floridian, pinned maps and photographs of the canal on the rear wall of the Senate Chamber, and began a fight for its life. He moved an amendment to the War Department allotting another $12,000,000 for this project, so desired by his neighbors in Jacksonville.

Vandenberg Opposed

In Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, tall, bespectacled Republican from Michigan, and potential Presidential candidate, the canal met an opponent.

Glancing first at the photographs, and, then, at his "distinguished and lovable friend" from Florida, he said:

"We are sinking money by executive decree into a project that can not be finished without Congressional sanction and contribution. . . .

"This is the first major waterway ever undertaken in this country without Congressional authorization, or a final report from the Board of Rivers and Harbors. There is not a scintilla of economic justification for the project.

"This is the last time the Senate will have a chance to decide whether it wants to build

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Senator Vandenberg of Michigan opposed building the Florida Ship Canal, while—

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a canal, because, if Congress once appropriates funds for it, we will be under an obligation to continue the project."

Advocates of the canal wilted under evidence Senator Vandenberg piled up against it. He quoted opposition from the RFC, the PWA, the Commerce Department, the United States Coast Guard, and the Geologic Survey.

Of sixty-one ship-owners asked if they would use the canal, Mr. Vandenberg found only nine favorable. "And these," he added, reported one way at one time, and another way at another time, "which . . . attacks their credibility."

"This isn't an innocent amendment involving only $12,000,000," he warned in conclusion. "That's just an admission fee."

By a vote of 39 to 34 the Senate killed the canal appropriation.

"Dangers Exposed"

"What Senator Vandenberg did was to expose to the full view of the Senate and the country the dangers of unlimited appropriations," wrote David Lawrence, Editor of *The United States News*.

"The possibility that the Michigan Senator was beginning to see a real campaign-issue in the making, undoubtedly influenced some of the Democratic members who voted against the extra appropriation.

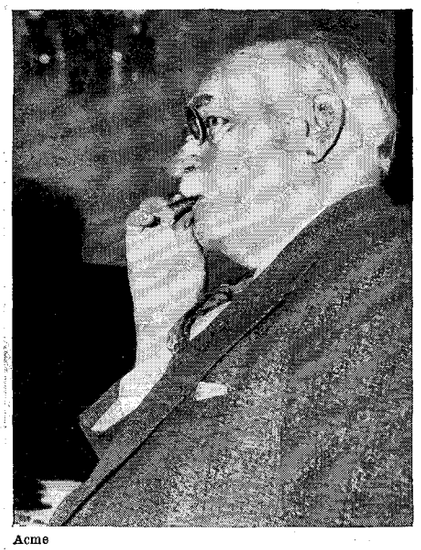
"For, while several charges of waste have been made from time to time, the Florida ship-canal was such a concrete demonstration of how wasteful the WPA has been, that it began to make a deep impression on Senators of both Parties.

"It is probable that other projects will undergo similar scrutiny.

While the Senate voted, eight private contractors, employing 6,000 men, were excavating the first section of the canal on contracts expiring in June.

Some 2,600 out of a total of 63,000 acres already have been cleared and grubbed by relief-workers directed by Army engineers.

Florida friends of the canal did not give up. They kept on sending crates of choice celery to Senators.

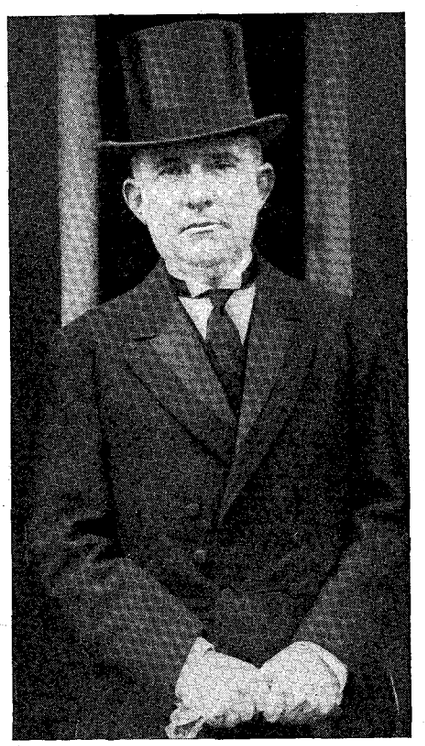


Acme

—his "distinguished and lovable friend," Senator Fletcher of Florida, favored it

Clamorous Wets in "Dry" Alabama

State Where Liquor Flows Freely, But Where Its Sale Provides No Revenue Toward Relief Needs, Envies Other States' Receipts



Acme

Governor Graves: "Nobody is to starve"

There is a drug store on the next corner. John Q. Southerner pulls up to the curb, and squawks his horn. Out comes a white-aproned youth.

"What'll it be, gents?"

"One Martini and one Old-Fashioned."

John will pay fifty cents apiece for them. A highball will cost half as much.

Many Alabama citizens frown on such incidents and feel the State's bone dry laws are a farce. In Mobile the sheriff is paid for raids and seizure of whisky. But convictions are rare.

Bars operate in both Mobile and Montgomery. In Birmingham and other cities selling is not in the open, but two of every three second-class restaurants, sandwich and barbecue stands, are "blind tigers," with whisky fifteen cents a jigger.

A little over a year ago the voters of Alabama upheld in a referendum Statewide statutory prohibition.

Only Kansas and Oklahoma, with constitutional prohibition, are legally as dry. Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee prohibit all hard liquor, but permit beer.

Of the wet States fifteen have State monopolies, and twenty-three grant licenses. Three have local option forms, while Texas has repealed prohibition, but the method of control is still pending.

Now the wets are again clamoring for repeal in Alabama, and a new factor may aid them. The State faces an acute financial crisis. Cash is badly needed.

The florid face of short, rotund Gov. Bibb Graves, "The Little Colonel," puckered in a frown last week as County Welfare Directors told him of suffering due to lack of relief funds. One wrote, according to the Birmingham *Age-Herald:*

"I have received many requests for assistance. In most cases these people were entirely without food.

"I have before me a letter from a woman living in Lewisburg. Her husband has had a stroke of paralysis. She has sold the furniture out of the house to buy food. The only thing left is her bed, on which her sixty-two-year-old husband suffers with pain.

"Yesterday a widow called me and said her three small children were actually crying for food. Children are coming to our schools and frankly admitting they have not had food—I did not say sufficient food—I said no food at all. . . ."

The Birmingham *News* thundered at Governor Graves:

" 'Nobody is going to starve in Alabama,' the Governor promised of his own free will. But people are starving in Alabama, if the reports of relief-workers are true, as one is inclined to believe they are. . . .

"The time is at hand for you to prove that you really meant that, Governor."

With such appeals sounding, legislators speculatively eye other States' profits from legal liquor. More than $161,445,000 went into wet States' treasuries last year from this source.

If Women Should Strike

The harried business man yelled for his breakfast. "Where's the maid?" he called upstairs to his wife. "Resting," was the reply. "And I'm taking the day off, too." Nor had the children gone to school. "Teacher's resting to-day," they explained.

At the office, the worried man found that none of the stenographers had put in an appearance. Worse still, the telephone was "dead." The morning paper disclosed the reason. "10,000,000 Women on a One-Day Strike," it screamed.

Miss Charl Ormond Williams, President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, said that she "would not dream of suggesting that women go on strike." But, she pointed out in a broadcast opening National Business Women's Week, "the possibilities opened up are so upsetting that I think we should all consider how to avoid them."

According to Miss Williams, nearly 2,000,000 women are employed as clerks in the United States, more than 3,000,000 in domestic or personal service, 5,969 as postmistresses, countless others elsewhere.

"One interprets Miss Williams's remarks as meaning that she is convinced that there is a good deal of baloney in the talk about eliminating women from business and industry," wrote Fred Betts in the Syracuse *Herald*. "We concur."

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Mutiny, or Strike?

Question Raised as Crew, Asking Higher Pay, Delays Voyage

Fifty policemen, ten detectives, a band of demonstrating seamen, and three Department of Labor "observers" lined the Panama Pacific Line pier last week when the *California* steamed into New York harbor.

Department of Justice agents, it was reported, were to arrest sixty members of the crew on a charge of mutiny. Instead, the seamen were "logged"—nautical term for fined—from two to six days' pay and "signed off," which means discharged.

Twelve minutes before sailing time on March 2 the seamen struck in San Pedro Harbor, California, and refused to cast off the vessel's lines.

On the third day of the strike, Secretary of Labor Frances M. Perkins was summoned from a Cabinet dinner in Washington; and crouching in a telephone booth for more than an hour, she argued via long distance with the strike committee in a Long Beach, California, butcher shop.

She persuaded the men to return to their posts. At sea the Panama Pacific Line agreed to pay the crew a higher scale.

"Once a seaman has voluntarily joined a ship and signed the ship's articles at a stipulated wage," said John C. Broderick, Editor of *The Nautical Gazette*, America's oldest shipping journal, "he has agreed to do his part to see that the ship reaches her destination safely. Thereafter it is not his privilege, either at sea or in some intermediate port, to break his contract."

Coughlin Church Burns

Tears coursed down the cheeks of several elderly women. Shingles sheathing the original Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Michigan, crackled as flames bit into them.

Across Twelve Mile Road the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin stood among his flock early on St. Patrick's Day, sighing as his rambling, jerry-built Church burned. Loss of the $500 organ grieved the "Radio Priest"—"as a matter of sentiment," because it provided music on his broadcasts.

Seventy-five feet away a new Shrine of the Little Flower is nearly finished. Its cost, $750,000, is covered by contributions from radio listeners.

Writing in *Collier's*, Walter Davenport recently described the church that burned—"the little parish Church of Sainte Thérèse of the Holy Face and of the Child Jesus" that Father Coughlin built in the lowly suburb fifteen miles from down-town Detroit a decade ago:

"A motherly little House of God . . . deeply and snugly shawled beneath a roof that almost hides its doors. It needs paint. It seems a little neglected, and a little bewildered. It seems to kneel and feel humble, brooding in the shadow of its lordly child, the huge pile of carved stone—Crucifixion Tower—the Shrine of the Little Flower."

Floods: Nation's Rising Hazards

Nature's Balance Destroyed; Scientists, Unable to Tame Spring Torrents, Were Merely Able to Forecast Deluges in East

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After the flood: Johnstown, 1889

Spring burst upon fifteen States with watery wo. A March which blew in like a polar bear swims out like a sea-lion.

From Western Maine to the Indiana border, and from Northern New Hampshire to Tide-water Georgia, the four horsemen of steady rains, driving sleet, melting snow, and thawing ice turned gentle rills into raging freshets, limpid brooks into whirling creeks, placid streams into turgid rivers, and slowly flowing rivers into turbulent, muddy inland seas.

Death and its twin destruction chalked up the figures of 170 lives lost in eleven States, and a property damage approaching $300,000,000. The States affected last week were New England's six, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Ohio. In the District of Columbia, engineers anxiously eyed the Washington Monument's foundations as an angry Potomac swirled even higher.

Roosevelt Watchful

President Roosevelt looked at the Potomac, heard word from other stricken areas, and delayed his departure on a Southern fishing trip until Sunday. By the week-end, the deluge had brought military rule and a 9 o'clock curfew to Hartford, Conn.; a blizzard had heightened Pittsburgh's agony; and new flood-waters had further swelled the Ohio River.

While the flood-waters were receding, the specter of disease began stalking the stricken States. Relief forces found medicine quite as urgently needed as food, clothing, and shelter. Behind them are the engineers, studying how to prevent disastrous floods in springs to come.

Science knows what causes such floods, but has not yet succeeded in taming swelling spring waters. Floods usually are the result of a series of moderate rain-storms, filling river-channels until they overflow the banks.

In New England and Northern New York, at the breaking-up of the ice in the spring, river-channels are blocked by the accumulation of ice-cakes. The water backs up behind the dam or ice-gorge and goes when the ice-barrier breaks.

Melting snow is relatively more effective than the same amount of rain in causing floods, because a greater part of it goes into the rivers when melted, frozen earth being impermeable to water. These observations have prevented more serious destruction by ever-recurring floods. Weather Bureau warnings prepared most of the States for the inundations this spring.

There were no such warnings for Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on May 31, 1889, when rapidly rising waters in the South Fork of the Conemaugh River burst a dam to let the raging fifty-foot wall of water roar down a gorge to overwhelm a valley area where more than 25,000 people lived.

History Repeated

There were 2,209 lives lost that day, and $10,000,000 damage was caused. This spring's new flood, Army engineers estimated, caused sixteen deaths at Johnstown, with property damage at anywhere between $3,000,000 and $10,000,000. For tho:

"History is sort of repeating itself at Johnstown," remarks the Cleveland *News*, "this time, the Conemaugh gave the people of Johnstown and the surrounding country a fair warning. Moreover, the people of Johnstown, knowing, since 1889, that nature can be cruel as she is benevolent, have been alert to danger. They had rebuilt their city on higher ground.

"It has been almost half a century since the big Johnstown flood, and, since then, the country has not made much progress toward flood-prevention, altho Johnstown itself may have made preparations for any possible whim of nature to make history repeat itself. Indeed, the nation, as a whole, faces far greater flood-hazards now than it did fifty or 100 years ago.

"Plows have torn up the sod of our prairies, axes have denuded our timberlands. The soil has been robbed of the roots of grasses and trees which held back the water after heavy rains. The crust of the earth has lost much of the top-soil, which has served as a sponge for the waters from melting snows. The silt in our rivers, the silt entering even the water-mains of many inland cities, is evidence that man has been destroying nature's balance of things.

"No wonder nature shows her anger at times."

Mighty tho nature may be in her anger, however, engineers believe better flood-control is possible. Some progress has been made in Ohio and in the Mississippi Basin. Other works are projected.

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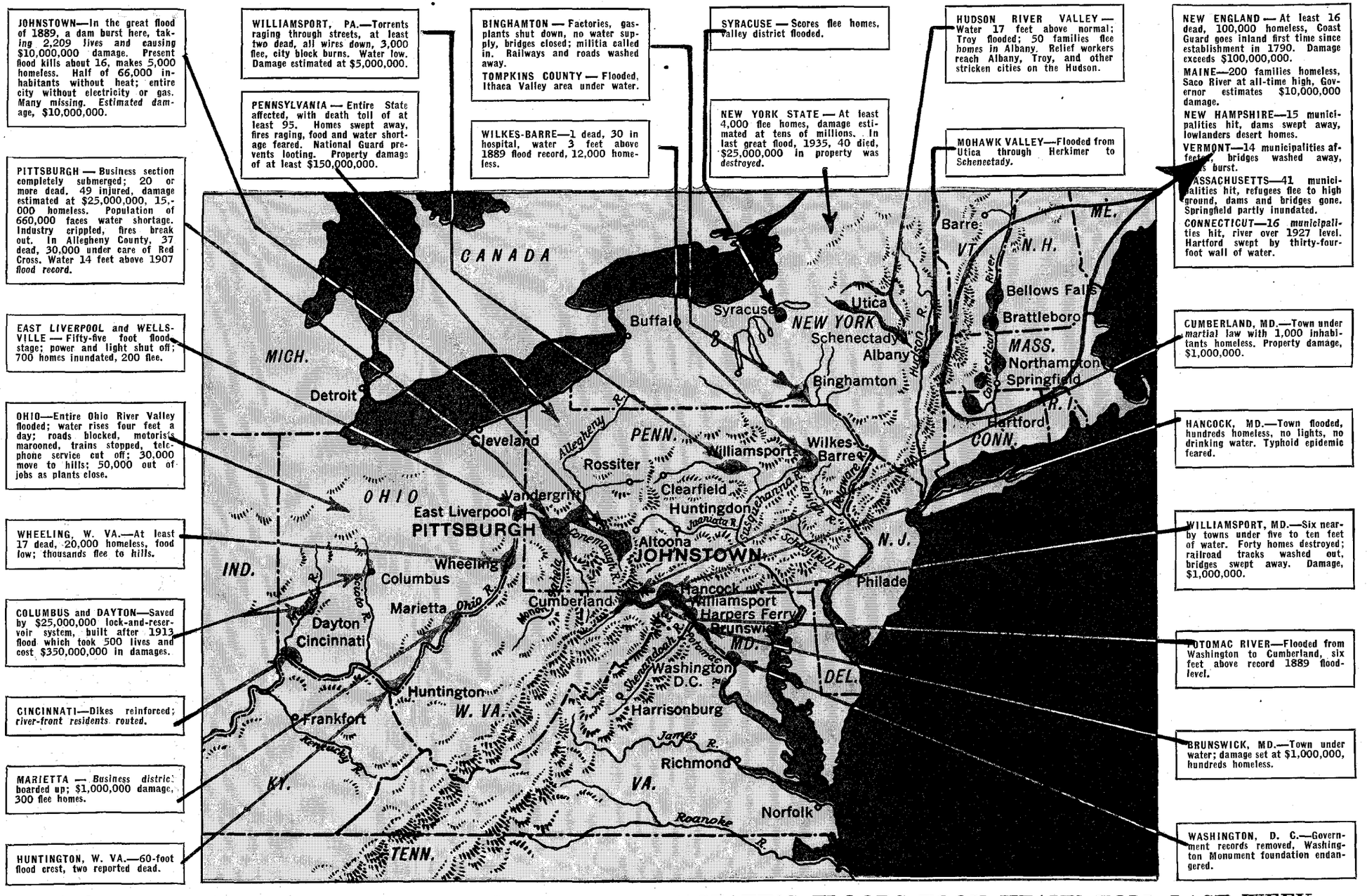
JOHNSTOWN—In the great flood of 1889, a dam burst here, taking 2,209 lives and causing $10,000,000 damage. Present flood kills about 16, makes 5,000 homeless. Half of 66,000 inhabitants without heat; entire city without electricity or gas. Many missing. Estimated damage, $10,000,000.
PITTSBURGH — Business section completely submerged; 20 or more dead. 49 injured, damage estimated at $25,000,000, 15,000 homeless. Population of 660,000 faces water shortage. Industry crippled, fires break out. In Allegheny County, 37 dead, 30,000 under care of Red Cross. Water 14 feet above 1907 flood record.
EAST LIVERPOOL and WELLSVILLE — Fifty-five foot flood stage; power and light shut off; 700 homes inundated, 200 flee.
OHIO—Entire Ohio River Valley flooded; water rises four feet a day; roads blocked, motorists marooned, trains stopped, telephone service cut off; 30,000 move to hills; 50,000 out of jobs as plants close.
WHEELING, W. VA.—At least 17 dead, 20,000 homeless, food low; thousands flee to hills.
COLUMBUS and DAYTON—Saved by $25,000,000 lock-and-reservoir system, built after 1913 flood which took 500 lives and cost $350,000,000 in damages.
CINCINNATI—Dikes reinforced; river-front residents routed.
MARIETTA — Business district boarded up; $1,000,000 damage, 300 flee homes.
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—60-foot flood crest, two reported dead.
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Torrents raging through streets, at least two dead, all wires down, 3,000 flee, city block burns. Water low. Damage estimated at $5,000,000.
PENNSYLVANIA — Entire State affected, with death toll of at least 95. Homes swept away, fires raging, food and water shortage feared. National Guard prevents looting. Property damage of at least $150,000,000.
BINGHAMTON — Factories, gas-plants shut down, no water supply, bridges closed; militia called in. Railways and roads washed away.
TOMPKINS COUNTY — Flooded, Ithaca Valley area under water.
WILKES-BARRE—1 dead, 30 in hospital, water 3 feet above 1889 flood record, 12,000 homeless.
SYRACUSE — Scores flee homes, Valley district flooded.
NEW YORK STATE — At least 4,000 flee homes, damage estimated at tens of millions. In last great flood, 1935, 40 died, $25,000,000 in property was destroyed.
HUDSON RIVER VALLEY — Water 17 feet above normal; Troy flooded; 50 families flee homes in Albany. Relief workers reach Albany, Troy, and other stricken cities on the Hudson.
MOHAWK VALLEY—Flooded from Utica through Herkimer to Schenectady.
NEW ENGLAND — At least 16 dead, 100,000 homeless, Coast Guard goes inland first time since establishment in 1790. Damage exceeds $100,000,000.
MAINE—200 families homeless, Saco River at all-time high, Governor estimates $10,000,000 damage.
NEW HAMPSHIRE—15 municipalities hit, dams swept away, lowlanders desert homes.
VERMONT—14 municipalities affected, bridges washed away, [illegible] burst.
MASSACHUSETTS—41 municipalities hit, refugees flee to high ground, dams and bridges gone. Springfield partly inundated.
CONNECTICUT—16 municipalities hit, river over 1927 level. Hartford swept by thirty-four-foot wall of water.
CUMBERLAND, MD.—Town under martial law with 1,000 inhabitants homeless. Property damage, $1,000,000.
HANCOCK, MD.—Town flooded, hundreds homeless, no lights, no drinking water. Typhoid epidemic feared.
WILLIAMSPORT, MD.—Six nearby towns under five to ten feet of water. Forty homes destroyed; railroad tracks washed out, bridges swept away. Damage, $1,000,000.
POTOMAC RIVER—Flooded from Washington to Cumberland, six feet above record 1889 flood-level.
BRUNSWICK, MD.—Town under water; damage set at $1,000,000, hundreds homeless.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Government records removed, Washington Monument foundation endangered.
CANADA
MICH.
OHIO
IND.
KY.
TENN.
W. VA.
PENN.
N.Y.
VA.
MD.
DEL.
N.J.
CONN.
R.I.
MASS.
VT.
N.H.
ME.
Detroit
Cleveland
Buffalo
Syracuse
Utica
Albany
Schenectady
Binghamton
Rossiter
Williamsport
Wilkes-Barre
Clearfield
Huntingdon
Altoona
JOHNSTOWN
Vandergrift
East Liverpool
PITTSBURGH
Wheeling
Columbus
Marietta
Dayton
Cincinnati
Huntington
Frankfort
Cumberland
Hancock
Williamsport
Harpers Ferry
Brunswick
Washington D.C.
Harrisonburg
Richmond
Norfolk
Philade
Barre
Bellows Falls
Brattleboro
Northampton
Springfield
Hartford
Allegheny R.
Monongahela R.
Ohio R.
Scioto R.
Kanawha R.
Potomac R.
Shenandoah R.
James R.
Roanoke R.
Susquehanna R.
Juniata R.
Lehigh R.
Delaware R.
Schuylkill R.
Hudson R.
Connecticut River

FROM THE NORTHEAST TO THE MIDDLE WEST DEVASTATING FLOODS TOOK HEAVY TOLL LAST WEEK

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Houses of the "Third House"

Lobby Investigation Adds to Directory of Homes in Washington Where Legislators, as Guests, Need Not "Starve or Die of Thirst"

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A branch office of the "Third House" of Congress, rented as a cool retreat by—

Greenhorns in Washington may gawk at the Senate and the House of Representatives to their hearts' content. If, however, they should ask to see the "Third House of Congress," old timers wouldn't know just where to point.

Lobbying—the function of the imaginary "Third House," as it is ironically called,—has no one central headquarters. But all the houses occupied by pressure groups and propagandists through the years, set side by side, would easily flank Pennsylvania Avenue from White House to Capitol.

They have become famous, those houses.

Last year the New York *Post* hailed the passing of the "Wall Street Embassy, a classic colonial mansion at 2,416 Tracy Place, in the swanky northwest section."

"Palace of Fortune"

Even in the days before the War Between the States, lobbyists entertained legislators in Pendleton's "Palace of Fortune" on Pennsylvania Avenue. There they were wined and dined in the Palace's "Hall of the Bleeding Heart" beneath rare paintings and off tables loaded with sumptuous plate.

In the '60s and '70s, Sam Ward, "King of the Lobby," played host lavishly in a modest little frame building on E Street.

The Teapot Dome scandal simmered in the Little Green House on K Street, which figured in the Harding Administration.

What accounts for the multitudinous houses of the busy "Third House"?

Raymond Clapper, with a tolerant wink, replies in the Scripps-Howard newspapers:

"Lobbyists, knowing that almost any Senator or Representative after a hard day's work likes a good dinner and a good drink, long have made it a practise to minister generously to these noble wants," he says. "Hence few legislators in Washington starve or die of thirst.

"If by chance during these pleasant occasions the legislative matter in which the lobbyist is interested happens to come up in the conservation, so much the better. If it doesn't come up by chance, the lobbyist is apt to bring it up, altho some of the more skilful practitioners regard this as clumsy technique and believe that in such situations the best rule is to skip it."

Adding 3,126 Thirty-eighth Street Northwest to the unofficial directory of "Third House" houses last week, Senator Hugo L. Black's lobby investigating committee was anxious to learn if Robert E. Smith, pleader for Western power and railroad interests, had "skipped it."

Stocky and baldheaded, Mr. Smith lolled in the witness-chair and told the Senators of how "some of the boys" from Congress had gathered on hot summer evenings at the three-story frame house in the outskirts of Washington which he had rented jointly with six Representatives as a cool retreat.

Just "the Boys"

"They were just 'boys' who had gone to one or another of his numerous parties for the nation's legislators," Joseph Alsop, Jr., reported in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "They were all very upset to find that they had been consorting with a utility lobbyist.

"Some of them had not been aware it was Mr. Smith's bread they were breaking. Some of them thought of him only as the dim but useful host to gatherings of reclamation enthusiasts. Only Senator Murray (Dem., Mont.), had troubled to form a precise impression of Smith, and he was wrong.

" 'I was laboring under the delusion that he was a Congressman himself,' said Senator Murray."

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—Robert E. Smith, utility lobbyist and host to six of the nation's Representatives

They Like Their Jobs

Supreme Court Justices Work Long After Retirement Age

Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court like their jobs. Entitled to retire on full salary—Chief Justices $20,500, Associate Justices, $20,000—when they reach seventy, many are loath to surrender their robes of office.

Of the nine men now serving on the Court—which will reconvene the thirtieth of this month, when decision on the Guffey Coal Act is anticipated—six have reached full-pension retirement-age.

A newcomer to the septuagenarian ranks is Associate Justice Pierce Butler, who celebrated his birthday last March 17. Others eligible for full pensions are Chief Justice Hughes, who will soon be seventy-four, and Justices Brandeis, seventy-nine; Van Devanter, almost seventy-seven; McReynolds, seventy-four; and Sutherland, seventy-four.

Many Precedents

Their continuation in their exalted positions is far from being without precedent. Since establishment of the Supreme Court in 1789, twenty-four Associate Justices, exclusive of those now on the bench, have served beyond seventy; five Chief Justices have done the same thing.

Associate Justice Oliver W. Holmes, who died in 1935 at the ripe old age of ninety-four, continued on the Bench twenty-one years after he was entitled to retire. Chief Justice Taney put in about seventeen years beyond seventy; and Chief Justice Marshall about ten; Fuller, seven; White, five and a half; and Waite, one and a half.

Since the beginning of the Court, its membership has been divided into the strict and liberal constitutional constructionists. To-day the outstanding Liberals are: Associate Justices Brandeis, Cardozo, and Stone. The recognized Conservatives are Associate Justices Butler, Sutherland, McReynolds, and Van Devanter, with Sutherland and Chief Justice Hughes steering a middle course.

With six members of the Supreme Court now over seventy, it is interesting to recall a passage from Chief Justice Hughes's book "The Supreme Court of the United States," written some years ago. Said he:

"Doubtless there is a time when a judge reaches, on account of age, the limit of effective service, but it is very difficult to fix that time. . . . Some judges have stayed too long on the bench. . . .

"It is extraordinary how reluctant aged judges are to retire and to give up their accustomed work. They seem to be tenacious of the appearance of adequacy. . . .

"Under present conditions of living, and in view of the increased facility of maintaining health and vigor, the age of seventy may well be thought too early for compulsory retirement.

"Such retirement is often the community's loss. A compulsory retirement at seventy-five could more easily be defended."

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Topics of the Day

IT must be a great consolation to dead Ethiopians to know that Mussolini has saved them from slavery.—*Birmingham News.*

ARE you well informed? Well, let's hear you name ten members of the lower House of Congress.—*Asheville (N. C.) Citizen-Observer.*

IN a theatrical weekly, a crooner advertises that he is at liberty. It is not known whether he wishes work or is taunting a posse.—*Detroit News.*

THE campaign has hardly started, but some of the politicians are showing evidence of being hoarse and buggy.—*Savannah (Ga.) Morning News.*

SOME of the stories say French and German troops are within a rifle shot of each other; others, within a pistol shot. The need of the hour is to keep some fool from trying to find out which is right.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE WPA drama movement has gotten off to a flying start with two fights in New York, one in Plymouth, one in Lexington, and one in Virginia. Maybe they ought to reorganize it as a military training project. —*Boston Transcript.*

B. C. FORBES, who knows what he is talking about, says that every time you draw a breath the Government at Washington spends $712. Because you were astonished, and thus took a long breath, that last breath cost exactly $1,424.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

A FRENCH scientist says the world will end in September, 1936. This may be the best solution.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

THERE's nothing basically wrong in a country where the outs can raise a million dollars to prove there has been no recovery. —*Portland Oregonian.*

BETWEEN four and five thousand postmasters are still Republicans. For that matter, they're the stillest of all Republicans.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

MAYBE Haile Selassie ought to be thinking of swapping his red umbrella for a red cap. It looks as if he'd be holding the bag from now on.—*Boston Herald.*

THE League has been successful in a negative sense, we are told. It has certainly demonstrated the best method of not stopping a war.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

EELS at the Battery in New York City are found to generate 300 volts of electricity. It virtually makes the Aquarium a nefarious holding company.—*Troy Record.*

WE don't see how the corporations can possibly object to the President's proposed tax on undivided profits. They saved the money for a rainy day, and this is it.— *Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

TURKEY learns it has never signed a peace treaty with San Marino, a Republic of thirty-two square miles, but, then, the San Marino army has probably mislaid his gun, anyway.—*Springfield (Mo.) Leader-Press.*

"BUT if Congress could curb the Supreme Court," asks a commentator, "who will curb Congress?" Ten thousand telegrams, written by the same man.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

IT is to be hoped Mr. Mencken is wrong in his view that a Chinaman can beat President Roosevelt in November. American relations with Japan are bad enough as it is.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

IN a new project, the PWA is trying to find out what people do with their money. That makes it even Stephen. A lot of people are trying to find out what the PWA does with its money.—*Washington Post.*

THE Administration is thinking of putting all postmasters under Civil Service, thus closing the door to politics forever. With the Democrats snug and warm inside. —*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

ENTHUSIASM for the Olympics, a sports note says, has stimulated long distance running in Japan. The Chinese, however, really seem to need it more just at present. —*Boston Herald.*

"FRANCE says Germany must not put armed troops into the Rhine area, but if Germany does put armed troops into the Rhine area she must not build fortifications."—News Item. Rover! Rover, come here! Or go under the bed! I will be obeyed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MR. HOOVER has been delving into the philosophy of spilt milk. "It shows," he says, "that some people can not be entrusted with carrying the jug." Mr. Hoover is late in making such a discovery. The American people beat him to it by nearly four years.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

My Kingdom for a Slogan

—Buel in the Sacramento Bee

BACK TO ABNORMALCY
KEEP ROSY ~~COOL~~ ROOSEVELT WITH ~~COOLIDGE~~
DON'T SWAP HORSES IN THE MIDDLE OF EXTREMES
BUST THE BRAIN TRUST
THOUGHT WE MIGHT REPAINT SOME OF THE OLD ONES
THE FULL GARBAGE PAIL
GOVERNMENT WASTE
HERBLOCK

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The Slogan Makers Are Getting to Work

—Herblock for NEA Service

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Salvaging Locarno in London

League Council Finds Germany Guilty of Violating Treaties and Four-Power Program for Rhineland Solution Is Sent to Hitler

Keystone

Stanley Bruce, President of the League Council, which met in London because—

Stanley Bruce, Australia's High Commissioner in London, has been described as one of the most fearless and capable politicians Australia has produced. So this clean-shaven, dark, handsome athletic figure, with heavy Roman features, surprized few in his intrepid conduct as President of the Council of the League of Nations in the Queen Anne Room of the historic St. James's Palace.

The Council tried Germany and on March 19 found her guilty of violating the Locarno and Versailles Treaties by her coup of March 7 in militarizing the Rhineland.

The British and French Governments gave out on March 20 proposals drawn up in cooperation with Belgium and aimed to correct the perilous situation resulting from the presence of German armed forces in what was by treaties created as the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland. Reichsfuehrer Chancellor Adolf Hitler was expected to reject the proposals because they required a yielding of sovereignty over part of German territory.

Summary of Plan

The Four-Power plan published in a British White Paper was summarized in a London Associated Press cable, as follows:

"The German Government is invited to present its argument against the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.

"All movement of German troops or war material into the Rhineland would be suspended and a limit placed on troops already there.

"An international force composed of troops of the Locarno guarantor Powers would be stationed in a buffer zone in Germany along the borders of France and Belgium until a new security treaty was drawn up. The zone would be 20 kilometers (12½ miles) wide, paralleling the frontier. German troops would be withdrawn from the zone.

"An international commission would be formed to supervise the new zone.

Covenant Revision

"Support would be given to a motion before the League of Nations to call an international conference to consider peace and revision of the League Covenant, armament limitation, economic relations, and Adolf Hitler's peace suggestions.

"In letters attached to the accord, Great Britain and Italy agree, if Germany refuses the suggestions, to consult with Belgium and France on 'all practical measures for the purpose of insuring security against unprovoked aggression.'

"Contacts among the General Staffs of the four Powers are to be established or continued."

Editorial comment of the London press included the remark of the Liberal *News-Chronicle* that there is no need for Germany to accept the conditions as they stand. This daily added:

"All that is required is a reply which shall insure that the 'effort of conciliation' shall not break down. . . . What the British people want is a new Locarno, with Germany in it on a basis of full equality and with justice and security on both sides."

The London *Daily Telegraph* (Cons.), reputedly in close touch with the British Foreign Office, said:

"Whatever criticism is leveled against all or any of the proposals, they have kept peace in a situation of extreme danger. They further extend the time and opportunity for reflection upon the present state of Europe."

Rather cynical was the comment of the London *Morning Post* (Cons.), which declared:

"Broadly speaking, we take the German attitude to be, 'Here we are again in command of our own territory and here we mean to stay.' In these circumstances protests and proposals are probably a waste of time. . . . As nobody proposes to impose sanctions on Germany, the imposition of sanctions upon Italy now seems less logical and less practical than ever."

In France Lucien Bourgues, Political Editor of the *Petit Parisien*, an independent daily of large circulation, had this to say:

"As it now stands, the Four-Power Agreement can be more or less considered in certain parts as rather satisfactory to the French point of view. The General Staff agreements haven't the same contractual value as a formal treaty of alliance. England and the Quai d'Orsay are no more than heretofore ready to commit themselves.

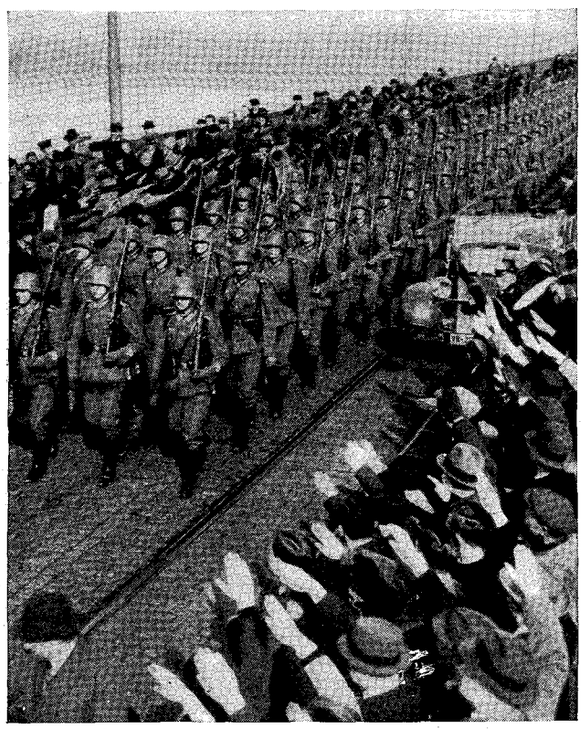
"The value of what has been offered has been the compensation for security lost through Germany's fault. It depends, therefore, on the British Government's good will, which of course depends on British public opinion, which for the time being remains isolationist."

Anxious Rhinelanders

Hermann Wilhelm Goering, "Hitler's mailed fist," robust, dynamic, and fiercely virile, flew into the Rhineland last week to tell its inhabitants, and the world, that the German troops there are there to stay. The Reich's Air Minister and Premier of Prussia uttered this challenging declaration from the balcony of the Town Hall of Cologne.

"We are willing to talk peace on the basis of Der Fuehrer's proposals," he thundered in that voice designed to terrify, as well as convince, "but we will not discuss Rhineland sovereignty—that is nobody's business but ours."

He left for Dortmund soon after and was



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—Germany's troops crossed the Rhine in alleged violation of the Locarno Pact

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cheered at the station by crowds as he entered the Imperial waiting-room. It blazed with crystal chandeliers and floral decorations, as in the days when former Kaiser Wilhelm II boarded a train.

These have been feverish weeks at Cologne, for while the Rhinelanders welcomed the return of German troops, they have been all along conscious that in case of an outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany their territory would feel the onset.

A notable indication of Rhinelander trepidation was that German officials in the Rhineland last week ordered withdrawal of bank-deposits limited, because residents of several towns, fearing war, tried to take out their funds. All depositors were required to prove their urgent need for the money before withdrawals were allowed.

Defiant Goering

General Goering, when the World War ended, refused to deliver to the Allies the air-planes under his command, disobeyed his own superiors, and hopped from town to town with remnants of his squadron until gasoline gave out. One of his satisfactions on his late visit to Cologne was inspection of the air-port built by the British during the post-War occupation.

Nevertheless, General Goering's visit to the Rhineland aroused no great fervor among the local Nazis, wrote Anne O'Hare McCormick in a Cologne message to the New York *Times*, because the Party chiefs there are of the school of thought represented by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's Minister of Propaganda. It was further pointed out:

"They belong to the National Socialists' radical wing, which, for months, had been exerting pressure on the Fuehrer to send troops into the demilitarized zone. They had openly expressed impatience at the 'silly delay' in executing a move that every one here had expected since January.

"Nowhere is the struggle inside the Party more open than in this conservative city, which is 90 per cent. Catholic, and which was the Centrist Party's foremost stronghold.

Church Affected

"This explains the special animosity of the local drive against the Church, culminating a month ago in the arrests of about 150 Catholics, including thirty priests, on various charges. It gives rise to unrest that must cause concern to Berlin.

"In the event of internal trouble, what would happen in this frontier region, including one-fifth of the Reich's population, if it were left without an Army, outside the new military system? Hitler has increased the régime's safety, and his own strength, in this zone, by a move that pleases, and, at the same time, curbs his more radical followers.

"For economic reasons, also, the Fuehrer had to move. Germany makes a desperate attempt to break out of her political isolation in the hope of escaping economic suffocation. Hitler must have a period of peace with trade, or make a national business of war."

"Birnam Wood" for Ethiopia?

Emperor Rides to Battle at Last Beneath Italian Aerial Gas Barrage; London, Paris, and Rome Buzz With Peace Speculation

Who's Winning This War?

—*J. C. Walker in the* South Wales Echo

Afraid of missing the "massacre," big name American newspaper correspondents rushed excitedly off to the Ethiopian war last October.

They expected Haile Selassie, personally leading his ferocious warriors, to make short shrift of the Italian invaders, as his ancestors had done in 1896.

The Emperor got to the front, all right. But, there, safe from fire, he let his generals go down to defeat, one by one.

Last week, as practically the last of the star writers had straggled home, disgusted, with cheetah cubs instead of news "beats" for souvenirs, the doughty little Negus Negusti strapped a sword to his side and rode out to battle.

Said Linton Wells, who with his wife, Fay Gillis Wells, wrote for the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The Italian reports of victory in their so-called battles have been fiction for the most part. They've gained a few hills, and some desert space, but, unless Mussolini does not stay in power, the fighting will continue in the form of guerrilla warfare for at least ten years."

Wells covered the war from the Ethiopian side. Of the twenty wars and revolutions he had observed, this, he added, was the "greatest fiasco" he had ever seen.

It was near Mount Alaji, one of these hills, which the Italians recently captured, that Haile Selassie was making apparently his last stand. It is forty-six miles south of Makale, on the northern front.

With an estimated 40,000 men—the pick of his battered armies—he was making a counter attack to head off Italian troops plunging southward toward Lake Ashangi, where a good highway leads to Addis Ababa.

It may be too late, as Laurence Stallings, who covered the war for the North American Newspaper Alliance, says in the April number of *The American Mercury:*

"He has poisoned, stabbed, shot, and fought his way to his kingship; and now, when Birnam Wood has started moving down his alley, this jitney Macbeth must regret bitterly his failure to do business with the Italians.

"Flop-Eared" Monarch

"The King of Kings is a little warm brown man with flop ears and a receding chin which he masks in a luxuriant black beard. He sits *cafard*, in his eyrie, a barny palace profusely decorated with silver-framed portraits of the English royal family, a living triumph of British diplomacy. He sits with great dignity back of a long French table, unruffled and smooth—quiet, Oriental, with wonderful dark eyes, black pupils framed in malarial whites."

His country, Stallings predicted, "has not a Chinaman's chance to survive the next twenty years of history."

Throughout the week, in preparation for a two-fold drive from north and south now in progress, Marshal Pietro Badoglio laid down an aerial gas barrage which sent Ethiopians screeching to the League of Nations against new atrocities.

All of this intensified martial activity served as a grim background for peace maneuvers in far-away Europe.

London, Paris, and Rome buzzed with speculation. Was a private deal in the air? Observers agreed France needed Italy now pretty badly to buck Germany over the Rhineland. Hence peace any day was held a likelihood.

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"Reality" from Rome

Italy, Austria, and Hungary Negotiate Danubian Hegemony

Black Star Photograph (exclusive)

Prince von Starhemberg, dictator and defender of Austria's independence

Two years ago Italy, Austria, and Hungary signed the Rome Protocols—political and economic accords which united them in semialliance.

Last week, on the anniversary, almost to a day, the heads of the Governments of those countries faced one another around a table once again in the Eternal City.

Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, forty-one-year-old Chancellor, headed Austria's delegation; for Hungary, Julius Gömbös, the big, intellectual-looking Premier, was chief spokesman. Premier Mussolini presided.

A Reality

"The Rome conference is a reality, and is going to take in hand seriously the reorganization of the Danubian territories," commented the semiofficial *Budapesti Hirlap*, as the conferees got down to business.

The reorganization is deemed necessary because of the growth of German military power in the last two years. To-day, German influence spreads toward the Balkans. Hungary winks a coquettish eye at Berlin. So does Yugoslavia, reaping German trade. Now, in the current muddle, Italy flirts with the Reich.

Thus, before Rome came two big questions: First, the guaranty of Austrian independence under any new set-up, which brought bonny Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg, strong man of Austria, to see his friend Signor Mussolini a fortnight ago. Second, France's scheme to link up the Little Entente (Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania) with the Rome signatories.

Austria's Defiant Treason Defendants

Socialists, Amid Mass Arrests and Overflowing Prisons, Challenge Fascist Corporative State as True Patriots Themselves

In February, 1934, civil war broke out in Austria between socialists and fascists. After four days of fighting, between 1,500 and 2,000 lay dead in the streets.

The socialists were triumphantly crushed by Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg's Heimwehr (Home Guard). Their party legally suppressed, the more militant members fled underground and organized a secret revolutionary party.

For days, government spies of Austria's new Fascist Corporative State trailed leaders, piling up damaging evidence. Fourteen months ago strapping Heimwehrmen swooped down on the secret headquarters in Vienna.

Scores of terrified socialists were herded into prison. Among them were Karl Hans Sailer, former editor of the suppressed socialist newspaper, *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and Frau Marie Emhart, wife of a pensioned railway official.

Treason Trial

Last week these two went on trial in Vienna for their lives, charged with high treason as the revolutionary Party's chief ringleaders. In the prisoners' box with them were twenty-eight others, some communists, all accused of lesser political offenses against the Corporative State.

Undismayed, the prisoners emerged from prison in high spirits. Frau Emhart tripped into the dock with mincing steps, a huge socialist red artificial flower adorning her black dress. As she filed by comrades, she gave them a snappy socialist salute in violation of police orders.

"The trial proceedings were marked by a series of stedfast assertions by the prisoners that the decree of the present régime that socialism was high treason would not affect them or other members of what had been the strongest Party in the State," cabled G. E. R. Gedye to the New York *Times* last week.

"They said they were all loyal Austrians, and with the masses of workers were ready to rise as one man against the Nazi danger, but only in defense of an Austria in which the workers' rights and democratic liberties had been restored.

"They added that, as long as Heimwehr Fascists continued to restrict political liberty and suppress freedom of the press and political and cultural associations and as long as the police were allowed to assault working-class prisoners, so long would they work for the overthrow of the present Government.

Mounting Excitement

"As the trial progresses, excitement is mounting in the working-class suburbs. Night after night thousands of fervent printed demands for the release of the accused are found scattered in the streets and defiant claims are painted on building walls.

"Elderly socialists are routed from their beds by the police and forced to sweep up the leaflets and obliterate the inscriptions.

"Mass arrests, provoked by fears of demonstrations in favor of the prisoners, continue to such an extent that government newspapers like the *Weltblatt* admit that the two main prisons are overcrowded with 'political offenders.'"

Viennese were surprized to find the usual long accounts of the "Nazi peril" in the government press suddenly give way to a great play of the trial.

Even the *Illkorps*, illegal Nazi newssheet, found the case much to its liking. It detailed beatings of minor prisoners caught in the underground roundup and ranged its members along with them "as brothers of misfortune and defiance."

"In April, a great communist action will begin, and at the same time every door in Vienna will have a Nazi leaflet thrust beneath it," *Illkorps* predicted.

Wide World

Now on trial: Austrian socialists, on their way to prison after the riots two years ago

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Spanish Politicians' Tug of War

Azaña and Barrio Hold Right and Left in Check as Powerful Opponents on Either Side Battle On in Crisis-Torn Nation

Wide World Globe

Francisco Largo Caballero, "Marxist Socialist firebrand," and Diego Martinez Barrio (right), ***"typical son of the Masses"***

Surfeited by a month of post-election terrorism, Spain last week turned her back on rioters and demonstrators and settled down to gage the mettle of the political leaders now guiding her destiny.

From the coal-mines of the northern Asturias to the factories of eastern Catalonia, citizens agreed that, of these leaders, the tall, sturdily-built Diego Martinez Barrio was easily the most interesting.

Out of the political ferment he stepped jauntily to gain the coveted speakership of the Cortes (Parliament) by the record vote of 386 to 11. It was the largest tribute ever paid to a presiding officer since the establishment of the Cortes in 1812, all the more extraordinary in view of the nation's political strife.

This ex-printer from the red soil of Andalusia was born in 1885, a typical son of the masses. As a boy he worked in a Seville slaughter-house for thirty cents a day.

Sloshes Onward

Ambitious, he learned to run a linotype machine, bought his own plant, and hurdled into politics under the guidance of the veteran Alexander Lerroux. He sloshed through the morass of Spanish politics for years, and in 1933 was rewarded with the premiership.

To-day, at fifty-five, modest and simple despite his appearance of a well-groomed banker, Martinez Barrio heads the powerful Union Republicana. The Izquierda Republicana, led by his ally, Manuel Azaña, now Premier, is Spain's other Left Republican Party.

Last week, with his short, leathery-faced Andalusian countryman, President Niceto Alcala Zamora, under political cross-fire, Speaker Martinez Barrio stood a good chance to succeed him.

As head of the Government, his friend, Premier Azaña, is, of course, the nation's man of destiny.

Portly, heavy-featured, fond of the quiet of his study, where he likes to write piquant plays, he is a sort of Spanish Lloyd George —a man with the qualities which wine-sipping Spaniards find easy to discuss.

Politically, he is allied with the Marxist Socialist firebrand, Francisco Largo Caballero. And that is why at the moment he is in somewhat hot water.

More of a communist than a socialist, Largo Caballero, plump, sixty-six-year-old ex-plasterer, had the strongest group in the Left Coalition Popular Front in the February election for the Cortes.

"His Party looks upon Caballero as a Spanish Lenin and upon Azaña as a Spanish Kerensky," writes Wilfred A. Beardsley in the Baltimore *Sun*.

"They plan on playing Azaña as a pawn as long as he is really useful to them. Then, when popular feeling is ripe, Azaña is scheduled to be thrown to the wolves, and Spain will be a Union of Soviet Republics."

Contrasting Personalities

With a strong Right front still threatening in the Cortes, Spaniards could not help contrasting the personalities of the opposition with those of the Left.

The figure of Jose Maria Gil Robles, the dark, thirty-seven-year-old leader of the powerful Catholic Action Party, loomed above all others on the Right benches.

Still, with the largest single parliamentary group, Gil Robles is suspected of planning a fascist corporative State. For this reason Zamora last January dissolved the Cortes rather than give him the Premiership.

To Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, the tall, handsome son of the dictator under King Alfonso, Gil Robles has left the more open brand of fascism.

Acme

Fascist Leader Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, "as serious in mien as Hitler"

As serious in mien as Adolf Hitler, this thirty-three-year-old, well-poised head of the Falange Espanola was last week flung into prison on a charge of inciting to murder and his organization was suspended.

In between these two extremes, Manual Portela Valladares, seventy, shrewd, hastily wedged his Center Party during February's election. A Galician, he has been called by enemies "a fifth-rate residue of the monarchy" and a "despicable agent of the Freemasons," according to the London *Times*. Nevertheless, with sixty-three deputies, he will be a force to be reckoned with in the new Cortes.

Spain meanwhile sits tight and the ferment bubbles. In little more than four years she has had a miniature French Revolution.

There have been eighty ministers in twenty-eight Cabinets, 9,000 strikes, 2,550 deaths in armed risings, nine anarchist conspiracies, a socialist insurrection, administrative corruption, an unworkable constitution, and a discontented peasantry.

As the Berlin *Tageblatt* remarked:

"Things have happened in Spain in recent days which are unequaled by anything in the last century in European history."

Inter-America at Buenos Aires

President Augustin Justo, of Argentina, heavy-set statesman, of the gray pompadour and *pince-nez*, has been described as looking more like a business man than a politician. He has a ready friendly smile, which showed when he replied to President Roosevelt's invitation to an Inter-American Peace Conference.

"I take pleasure," he said, "in offering Buenos Aires as the seat of the proposed Conference, accepting the suggestion which your Excellency formulated. . . . I esteem it a great honor."

During the coming weeks there will be continuing communications between the United States and the Latin American Republics in order to obtain agreement on the program and agenda for the conference. No date has yet been fixed for the parley.

La Prensa, the great Buenos Aires newspaper, came out in strong support of President Roosevelt's proposal.

This newspaper, however, observed that the conference "should devote itself to a practical undertaking in which the interests of all kinds shall be unified without prejudice or egotism, to the end that they may constitute mutual and helpful ties in a unification of the American peoples which will prevent war."

Correio da Manha of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, declared confidently: "We don't feel an urgent necessity for establishing a complex system of collective security, involving pacts, treaties of non-aggression and mutual assistance accords. This is because there already exists on our American continent a more durable and efficacious collective security engendered by our own spiritual nature."

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Premier Hirota's Peace Tidings

While Insisting on Providing Fully for Defense, He Enunciates Policy of Cultivating Cordial International Relations

Premier Koki Hirota, Japan's new Premier, announced as his chief purpose in accepting the job of forming a Cabinet that he would inaugurate "a positive, consistent, and coherent foreign policy, and, simultaneously, provide fully for national defense."

Now fifty-eight, Mr. Hirota was a lawyer before he entered the Foreign Office.

Like many Japanese in high office, he is of poor parentage. His father was a stonecutter. In his initial speech as Premier, Mr. Hirota declared:

"Both diplomacy and national defense preparation must accord with the Empire's policy of promoting mutual well-being and common prosperity between Japan and other Far Eastern nations, especially Manchukuo. It is the consistent policy of the Japanese Government to cultivate cordial relations with all nations."

Premier Hirota also said the new Government will cooperate with all departments of the nation and will not fail to "consult the people's will." War Minister Count Juichi Terauchi, according to Tokyo press cables, maintained contact with the Army leaders throughout long consultations with the new Cabinet, described as bearing the mark of dual parentage.

First Reaction

As told by Hugh Byas in a Tokyo message to the New York *Times:*

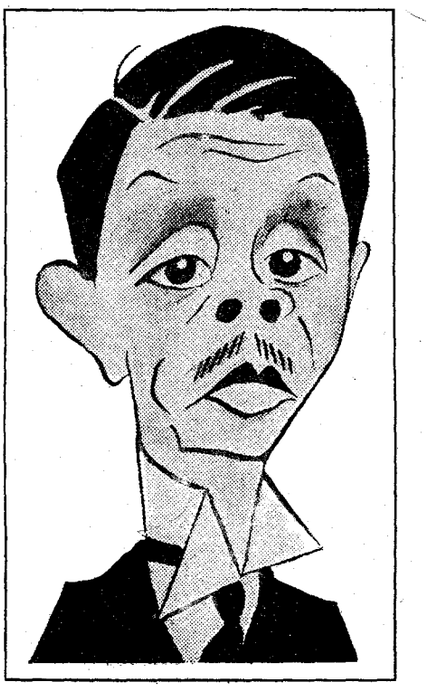
"The first reaction of official, financial, business, and political circles to the [Hirota] statement is that it is too abstract. . . .

"What business wants to know is what will actually be tried toward carrying out the financial renovation the Government foreshadows, and when.

"Business is prepared for changes, but complains that the Government's statement may prolong the uneasiness."

Globe

Count Juichi Terauchi, War Minister in Hirota's cabinet



Koki Hirota—Japan's Conciliator

—A Caricature by Vicky in The Evening Standard *(London)*

Premier Hirota rose to prominence in Japanese politics only because of the failure of his predecessor in the Foreign Office, Count Uchida, to restrain the increasing and dangerous isolation of Japan in international relations after her withdrawal from the League of Nations.

Owing to Premier Hirota's wide experience in the diplomatic service at Peiping, Washington, London, The Hague, and Moscow, wrote a Tokyo correspondent of the Vancouver *Daily Province,* and to the well-known conciliatory policy he proposed for the adjustment of Japan's differences with the Western countries, he seemed the only man available in the emergency, who, at the same time, was willing to take office in a Cabinet dominated by militarists.

Reviewing his career as Foreign Minister before he became Premier after the recent assassinations in Tokyo, this *Daily Province* correspondent wrote:

"After accepting the post of Foreign Minister, Mr. Hirota made conspicuous efforts to reach a better understanding with China and Russia, as well as to win Great Britain and the United States to a clearer apprehension of Japan's policy.

"He very quickly elicited from the American Government the admission that there was no difference between America and Japan that could not be settled by peaceful means; while the British authorities have always insisted that similar relations obtain between Japan and England.

"The only real menace to peaceful diplomacy was that, in Japan at least, the Government could not guarantee the acquiescence of the military coterie dominating the Tokyo Cabinet—practically a soldiers' Cabinet; and a Japanese soldier never retreats: his only diplomacy is a demand for surrender."

Russo-Japanese Peace Move

Many incidents along the border between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia since the end of last year have irritated Russo-Japanese relations. They have also affected economic questions, noted the Osaka *Mainichi,* including fishery, petroleum, and other issues of dispute between Russia and Japan.

Last week, a brighter light showed on the Far Eastern horizon, however, when Soviet dispatches announced that Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, long seriously at odds, had agreed to make an attempt at peaceful settlement of border questions.

Mongolians, according to a Moscow cable to the Associated Press, accused the rulers of Manchukuo and the Japanese military command of threatening an invasion of their country. Josef V. Stalin, Soviet dictator, lately announced (THE LITERARY DIGEST, March 14) to Roy W. Howard, American newspaper publisher, that if Outer Mongolia were invaded the Soviet Union would go to her aid.

Frontier Board

The Japanese proposal to appoint a commission for demarcation of the frontier of the Soviet Union and Manchukuo, said Moscow press cables, was virtually accepted by the Soviet Government on condition that similar action be taken to clarify the Outer Mongolian-Manchukuoan border. The proposal, it was said, was acceptable, in principle, to the Soviet authorities because the Japanese had not asked for any new demarcation of frontier.

According to an unofficial bulletin of the South-Manchuria Railway sent to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Dairen:

"Outer Mongolia remains in every respect a mystery to the world. International lawyers would find great difficulty in solving the question whether Outer Mongolia is a part of China, of Soviet Siberia, or an independent nation. What the world knows, however, is that the Chinese Government granted a limited autonomous government to Outer Mongolia in 1911, but this was revoked in 1919, when the Chinese Government dispatched General Hsu Shu-tsang (Little Hsu), to subdue the Outer Mongolians, who had formed a provisional revolutionary Government, which, it is claimed, received aid from the Soviets.

"The Mongols were forced to sign away their claim for a limited autonomous Government. Outer Mongolia became a part of China, but neither the Mongolian princes, nor the people, ever pledged allegiance to China."

Meanwhile the fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet border guard service was celebrated, and the *Moscow News* commented:

"It is due to the strength, courage, and vigilance of the frontier guards, that Soviet borders have been kept secure."

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Ending Peril and Horror of Slums

New York State's Highest Court Upholds Housing Law; Another Tribunal Gives Setback to Unemployment Insurance

Acme

Home for the homeless: a group of the unemployed asleep in a New York subway exit

Perhaps the memory of white-faced slum babies still haunts him. Anyway, let the former immigrant boy and janitor's son, Senator Robert F. Wagner, New York Democrat, sum it up:

"Infant mortality in the worst slums is three times greater than in prosperous neighborhoods. Three of every four babies have rickets. Tuberculosis danger is thirty times as great, crime is two and a half times as great, juvenile delinquency four times as great. And four times as many women are arrested. Insanity is seven times as great. . . . Fires are more frequent."

"We believe," said the New York *World-Telegram*, "that Senator Wagner's facts show the time has come for Congress, cities, and the American people to treat housing not simply as a human right, or even as the economic necessity which it is, or even as a bulwark against dictatorship; it must be treated as a minimum and urgent essential to halt the fast demoralization of the character of millions of the American people."

In just such a light did the Court of Appeals, the highest Court in New York State, last week view the peril and horror of the slums. By a vote of 6 to 1, it upheld the constitutionality of the State Housing Law which permits cities to set up authorities to buy up and remove these "festering sores of civilization" and put up cheap, comfortable, modern housing in their stead. Said the majority opinion, written by Judge Leonard C. Crouch:

Evils Recognized

"The public evils, social and economic, of such (slum) conditions are unquestioned and unquestionable. Slum-areas are the breeding places of disease. . . . Juvenile delinquency, crime, and immorality are there born, find protection, and flourish. . . .

"Concededly, these are matters of State concern, since they vitally affect the health, safety, and welfare of the public."

A manifesto signed by prominent Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish clergymen and issued through the Greater New York Federation of Churches, adds these arresting facts and figures:

"Between 1918 and 1928 there were 15,660 fires in old-law tenements, and 448 human beings were burned to death. In the most congested area the infant mortality rate is approximately 100 per cent. higher than the city average; the general mortality is more than 200 per cent. higher, and the incidence of tuberculosis is nearly 300 per cent. higher.

"The real property inventory reveals the fact that in New York, out of 2,067,065 dwelling units, 322,065 lack hot water; 249,653 lack private indoor toilets; 309,157 are without tubs or showers; 491,596 are without central heat. . . .

"In the city at large there are some 250,000 sleeping rooms into which the sun can not shine."

It was a big week in New York's social-welfare circles. The old, the motherless and fatherless children, and the blind felt reassured that Gov. Herbert H. Lehman's social security program would go through. Welfare workers were, however, taken aback when the State Unemployment Insurance Law was held unconstitutional by a judge of the State Supreme Court.

On the Unemployment Insurance Law, Supreme Court Justice Pierce H. Russell differed from Supreme Court Justice William F. Dowling. Last February Justice Dowling upheld the law in large part.

Justice Russell, on the other hand, ruled that "the compulsory contribution by an employer to be paid as an unemployment benefit to an employee of another is without validity under our system of government and constitutes an unwarranted and unreasonable and arbitrary transfer of the property of one to another in violation of the due process clause of the Constitution."

Job Insurance Areas

The following countries and States have compulsory unemployment insurance:

Bulgaria, Germany, Great Britain, Irish Free State, Italy, Luxemburg, New Zealand, Northern Ireland, Poland, Russia, Switzerland.

Alabama, California, Oregon, Washington, Massachusetts, Utah, Wisconsin, District of Columbia, New York and New Hampshire.

Overwork at Colleges

A college senior with soapy water lapping his elbows is washing dishes in the kitchen of the university commons. Dish-washing has helped to put more than one ambitious American youth through college. Yet this job, the dean may tell you, is non-productive from the educational view-point.

Some serious-minded American educators insist that self-help indicates little except that a high school student wants to go to college because the more affluent boy next door does. Some surveys tend to show that this "serious" working student ranks no higher scholastically than next door's non-worker.

In Columbia College, New York City, Nicholas D. McKnight, Associate Dean, finds that "the most common cause of involuntary withdrawal is excessive engagement in self-support activities. Even in cases where the cause is ostensibly academic failure, or reasons of health, the underlying cause is frequently overwork.

"In effect, the student's college career is likely to be wrecked, or seriously impaired, by the very plan through which he hoped to achieve success. What is the answer?

"It may be that part of the answer is to be found in the growing belief that a considerable number of the boys and girls now going to college would be better off doing something else."

Opposite View

Taking a directly opposite stand to Dean McKnight's view of the "earn your way through college" practise, Mrs. Bessie Clarke Drouét, President of the American Student Federation, replies:

"I believe that work in conjunction with study not only is not harmful, but it instigates a serious attitude about the conditions that you have to meet in the future.

"Application of oneself to educational matters and every-day necessities is a development. The harder a boy or girl works, the better equipped they are. A great many students who do not have to work have too much unoccupied time."

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Fighting to End Child Labor

Increase in Evil Noted Since Invalidation of NRA; Welfare Workers in New York Protest Refusal of Hearing on Amendment

Acme

The Child Labor Amendment to "prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age" has not been ratified

"D. O. A."—dead on arrival. So the doctor marked the Topeka hospital's white card when the body of the thirteen-year-old newsboy was brought in, wrapped in his mackinaw. It was early on Christmas morning, before most people were up. The little fellow had been in a hurry to sell his papers. A truck caught him crossing the fog-drenched street.

"The most you can make in an hour is a nickel," said Florence, speaking of her job of winding woolen strings on cards. Florence is twelve, and knows what she is talking about; she works at her job every night until midnight.

Then there's fifteen-year-old Tillie, who stepped into her father's shoes when he lost his job in the bath-robe factory. She works in the same factory for $7 a week. It helps.

The Child Labor Amendment, which would give Congress the power to stop all this, has not yet been ratified by enough States to make it law. Twenty-four States have acted favorably. There are still twelve to go.

Bitter Protest

When a Senate Committee of the New York State Legislature refused to grant a public hearing on a resolution for ratification of the Amendment, a bitter cry went up from organizations interested in child welfare.

"Are the voters of the State going to take it on the chin again this year and permit the Senate Judiciary Committee, as it has done for the past eleven years, to refuse their representatives the right to vote on this issue?" asked the statement issued by Charles C. Burlingham, Chairman of the Non Partizan Committee for Ratification of the Child Labor Amendment. After the clamor, a hearing was announced for next Tuesday.

New groups have been added to those favoring this Amendment, notably the Catholic Citizens' Committee, under the Chairmanship of Frank P. Walsh, of the New York State Power Authority.

"Our committee," said Mr. Walsh, "is convinced there is nothing in this Amendment which Catholics need fear, but that selfish interests, seeking to maintain the right of industry to exploit children, are persistently spreading the idea that the Amendment is poorly drawn."

The Brooklyn Tablet, news organ of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn, deplored Mr. Walsh's injection of the Church's name into the situation, saying the Amendment is "no more Catholic than it is Protestant or Jewish," and that it would pave the way to "Hitlerism or Sovietism."

Said the *Catholic News* (New York): "The simple fact is Mr. Walsh has no sound right to organize the Catholic Committee. We might as well have a Catholic Committee for Limiting Speed on Dangerous Curves."

The Catholic News agrees with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and other Protestants that the "Amendment would place too much power in Congress and that this might be used unwisely."

Gain in Child Labor

Many observers feel that the prophecy that child labor would increase after the NRA expired has been fulfilled. A survey of six States and 102 cities in twenty-three States, reported Miss Katharine Lenroot, Chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, indicates: only 7,000 regular employment certificates were issued to fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys and girls in the entire year of 1934; in the seven months of 1935, after the Supreme Court killed the NRA, 11,000 were issued.

According to Mrs. William Dick Sporborg, Chairman of the Department of Legislation, General Federation of Women's Clubs: "To-day only seven of the forty-eight States have adopted the sixteen-year-age minimum for work during school hours."

Critics of the proposed Amendment fear that it would give Congress the power to invade the home and stop Johnny from bringing in the wood and Jenny from helping mother with the dishes. William Frederick Bigelow, editor of *Good Housekeeping*, suggests that the Federal Children's Bureau "submit in its stead one so clearly stated that there can be no doubt about it."

But to Janet Mabie in the *Christian Herald:* "We know how easily people begin to scream and holler if there is even the suggestion of an invasion of States' rights. All right. Let the States protect their children. But let there be also a Federal law which will interfere in a blazing hurry, the instant States grow lax."

Ask Bonus for Future Wars

It is June 1, 1965, as H. G. Wells might imagine it (see page 19). An American space-ship, patroling the stratosphere to repel invaders, is blown to bits by the enemy's death-ray.

There were 265 aeronauts aboard. They all had received—and joyously spent—their $1,000 bonus years before. Since they were obliterated, they will have no graves, but monuments to them—somewhere in Europe—had been decorated by their mothers, sent abroad free by a grateful Government long before their marriages.

That is the serio-comic picture presented by the Veterans of Future Wars, organized at Princeton University, and the Association of Gold Star Mothers of the Veterans of Future Wars, formed at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.

"Our cause is twofold," declares an ironic manifesto printed in *The Daily Princetonian*, undergraduate newspaper. "Inasmuch as the coming war will otherwise deprive the most deserving bloc of the Veterans of Future Wars of their bonus by causing their sudden and complete demise, the bonus must be paid now.

"Inasmuch as the coming war will obliterate the future burying-places of our future noble dead, the pilgrimage of Gold Star Mothers must be made now.

Demands Made

"The Veterans of Future Wars have united to force upon the Government the realization that all of us who will be engaged in the coming war deserve, as is customary, an adjusted compensation or bonus.

"We demand that this bonus be $1,000, payable June 1, 1965. Because it is customary to pay bonuses before they are due, we demand immediate cash payment, plus 3 per cent. compounded interest annually from June 1, 1965, backward to June 1, 1936."

Penn T. Kimball, 2d, Chairman of *The Daily Princetonian*, and Regional Commander of the National Council of the Veterans of Future Wars, wired THE DIGEST:

"With war-clouds gathering over Europe daily, and with prospects better than ever for a universal holocaust, Princeton is doing her part in the nation's service."

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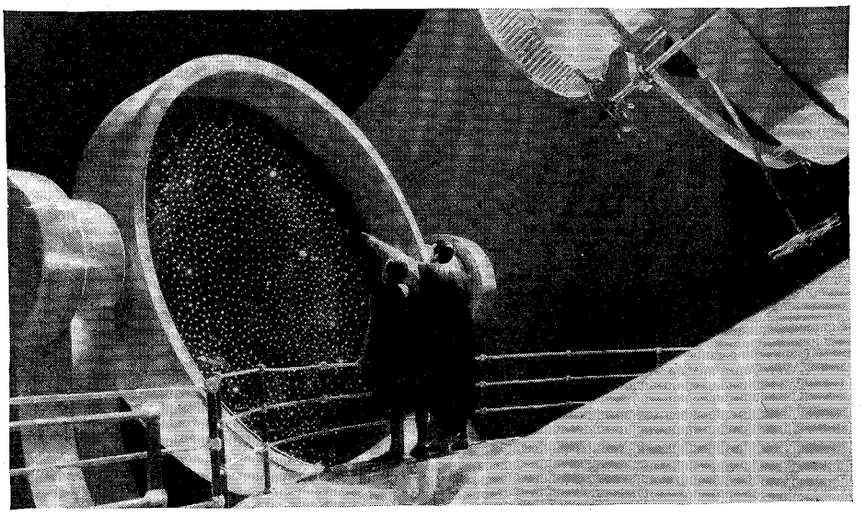
On the Current Screen

H. G. Wells, in "Things to Come," Gives Horrifying Picture of War Blasting Civilization Off the Earth Within Thirty Years



One of H. G. Wells's "Things to Come": Oswald Cabal *(Raymond Massey)* (right) *charts his course for the first trip to the moon with human beings*

Authors are confirmed hobbyists. Some like briar pipes. Some like old glass. Some like bird-dogs. H. G. Wells's hobby is not as tangible as any of these: he likes prying into the future.

To him, settled before his country-side fire of an English evening, peeks into the years ahead are as irresistible as lollypops. He likes lollypops. On occasion, his imagination has ranged long years and far away. In "Things to Come," he curbs himself. He remains within the compass of an exact century, less four years.

This astonishing British film is going to do two things: it is going to make the aging wish they could hold out to 2036, and it is going to frighten adolescents. Mr. Wells is extraordinarily serious about the next one hundred years.

On Christmas, 1940, he believes, England and the Continent are going to be subjected to concentrated aerial bombing so fierce it will lift massive buildings out of the ground by their roots. Demolition and death will continue until 1966, when civilization as we know it will have been blasted from the earth. What humanity is left will be wretched, living in caves left by the ruins.

Not content with leveling all that man has built, the "enemy" (Mr. Wells does not specify what enemy) will continue to harass man by sowing pestilence from air-planes.

What little government is left will be seized by unconscionable villains. The few aviators left alive will be the salvation of the world. They will form Pax Mundi, a world plan for peace, and because of their efficiency they will reconquer the earth.

In 1970 conditions gradually will improve. The pestilence will have ceased, sanity will be restored, and, in 2036, a world ruled, governed, and preserved by scientists will rise to make life a blessing.

Rockets will have been fired round the moon and back to earth with animals in them. In that year, it will be decided to send the first human passengers.

Artist of Old Régime

An artist of the old régime, incensed by the advance of science, will rouse the people to revolt. They will march on the gigantic Space Gun to destroy it, ants beating futile, tiny fists against a colossus.

The problems in making the film were back-breaking. And in solving them, English picture makers have outdistanced Hollywood.

Outstanding features of the film's development, writes *Motion Picture Herald*, "are two: the scope and grimness of the collapse and the scale and magnificence of the recovery. It is in the last-named aspect that the spectacle reaches its most striking moments. . . . There is a continuity of individual interest to this extent that, through the crash of air-bombed cities and through the plague which follows the collapse of civilization, one follows the careers of one or two enlightened men who help to shape a new society when . . . airmen, overcoming the bandit-dictators who have set up petty States, inaugurate the new World Rule."

The outstanding performance is given by Raymond Massey, lank, slack-jawed, Canadian-born actor, the physical antithesis of a matinée idol. None the less, half of the players in British and American studios wish fiercely they could match him as an actor. In "Things to Come" he has a dual rôle: he is the appalled aviation engineer of 1940, *John Cabal*, and, in 2036, plays his own grandson, *Oswald Cabal*.

The film was produced by London Films, directed by William Cameron Menzies.

* * *

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The Prisoner of Shark Island"; "These Three"; "The Country Doctor"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "Things to Come."

AAA—"A Night at the Opera"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "The Milky Way"; "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"; "Follow the Fleet"; "Desire"; "The Singing Kid."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

Jolson in Burnt Cork

Al Jolson's new musical photo-play, a Warner production, is for those who like Jolson, music, and back-stage plots.

It offers nothing radically new in theme or treatment, but is superbly mounted, and directed with lively pace. Mr. Jolson is at his top best, the songs are gaited to the times. Cab Calloway's orchestra and the Yacht Club Boys fill in the gaps.

"The Singing Kid" concerns a Broadway musical comedy star who is deserted by his fiancée and his thieving business manager. The shock causes Al Jolson to lose his voice. He and a few friends go into the mountains. He wants to rest and recuperate from the double deception. There he meets a woman playwright and her niece.

The woman is writing a play. He tries to sell it for her. It is such a bad play that he has to buy it himself, pretending an important Broadway producer has bought it.

Jolson, plus burnt cork and eight bars of music, is an evening's entertainment to many movie-goers. They will like "The Singing Kid." It is the best of the last three Jolson pictures.

"A gay combination of gags, musical comedy, drama, and romance," *Motion Picture Daily* reports.

Al Jolson as Al Jackson, *ready to go on in a music-hall scene in "The Singing Kid"*

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Indicting War as "Idiot's Delight"

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt Carry Theater Guild's Banner in Sherwood Play Thundering at Sheep-Like Humanity's "Peonage"

Vandamm Studio

Irene *(Lynn Fontanne)* and Van *(Alfred Lunt)* say it with music in *"Idiot's Delight"*

The apparently inevitable head-lines of to-morrow are the three pell-mell acts of "Idiot's Delight," the new play by Robert E. Sherwood.

It is a thundering, contemptuous blast at nations that make war, men who make bullets, and the inarticulate, sheep-like humanity that allows itself to be in peonage to war.

Mr. Sherwood merely begins to warm up where H. G. Wells, in "Things to Come," (see page 19), left off.

Mr. Wells was reticent about identifying the overt nations. Mr. Sherwood wallows in the sheer joy of naming them. He has an indignant man's candor. When he means Italy he calls it Italy. Likewise, when he means Japan he doesn't skulk behind an Oriental euphemism.

The Theater Guild, which began its season of 1935-36 with a weak, scattering tract against war, ends it with a stout, bludgeoning appeal to reason. Mr. Sherwood implies that this reason does not exist in the human mind and cosmos.

He dredges his provocative play title out of that lamentable lack.

Meaningless Game

"The world," he causes one character to say, "is playing Idiot's Delight. It is a game that never means anything and never ends." Mr. Sherwood's other word for it is War. He suggests that General Sherman only scratched the surface of truth when he uttered his famous epigram.

The new play belongs, technically, in the "Grand Hotel" tradition. In the cocktail lounge of the Hotel Monte Gabrielle in the Italian Alps near the frontiers of Switzerland and Austria, a strange band of weirdly assorted humans joins together.

For twenty-four hours they huddle there in poor safety while every other acre in Europe is being bombed to a froth. The next war has started.

The people are a German scientist, a Russian maker of munitions and his woman companion, *Irene;* a couple on their wedding trip, a flamboyant French peace advocate, and *Harry Van,* an American song-and-dance man escorting six blonde chorus girls to a night-club engagement in Geneva.

Suddenly, an Italian officer advises them they are interned. Sometime during the night momentous events will begin. He doesn't specify what events. Circuitously, the travelers learn for themselves. It is the night munitions makers have chosen to begin bombing the soil of Europe.

Van decides it is an excellent moment for a night-club floor show and presses his six lithe charges into action. The munitions merchant seeks to justify his trade. The peace advocate chooses a few brisk words to describe his opinion of Italian militarism and fascism. He is led off and shot. The Russian, *Irene,* sits back, a tragic Greek chorus of one with hair like *Trilby* and an accent like Garbo, and philosophizes. Her opinion of the human race is specific if not elegant. So is Mr. Sherwood's.

Late in the evening, *Van* believes he recognizes *Irene* as an old Omaha vaudeville partner. She first denies, then admits it.

At the end, he at the piano, she singing, they break into "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as the shells scream and begin the grim task of blasting the inn and its humans into dust.

"Idiot's Delight" had its première in Washington, D. C. Virtually every influential man on Capitol Hill was there the opening night. The more important embassies sent secretaries. And when the audience filed out, it walked to a sidewalk on which newspaper hawkers were crying head-lines startlingly reminiscent of the play's content.

"'Idiot's Delight' is about war and the munitions racket," Andrew R. Kelley reports plainly in the Washington *Times.* "It is an imaginative flight of fancy by Playwright Sherwood so close to to-day's reality that its political implications, its cynical bombardment of the forces which incite nations to carnage, its bitter finale, might serve as a semaphore warning to Powers now shining their howitzers."

"Unhappily Factual"

Betty Hynes in the Washington *Herald* doesn't see it as an imaginative flight of fancy. It is unhappily factual, in her estimation. She also points out that the senators, the representatives, and the secretaries from the embassies applauded the author's stark sentiments:

"Robert E. Sherwood has written a play about a war—the war that hangs over Europe daily in the head-lines—with a scathing denunciation that evoked burst after burst of applause from the audience.

"The playwright who has given us so many ironically delightful evenings in the theater has a more serious purpose than ever this time for his withering wit and buoyant gaiety."

The comedy, laced through the somber message, is furnished by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, playing *Irene* and *Van.*

"Idiot's Delight" came to New York and repeated its out-of-town triumph.

* * *

Safety Exhaust

Nothing the WPA Federal Theater Project has accomplished thus far has aroused such mixed critical comment as "The Living Newspaper," a newsreel idea transplanted to the stage and performed by flesh-and-blood actors.

Long delayed, because the first "edition" contained Italo-Ethiopian matter offensive to Washington, the production finally had public performance in New York.

"There continues to be a good deal of booing of Al Smith, who upholds the Constitution under a titled derby and uses a defiant cigar as a pointer, at the performances of 'Triple-A Plowed Under,'" writes Burns Mantle in the New York *Daily News.*

"There is also a good deal of cheering, and booing, for the soft-voiced Earl Browder, who speaks for the Communist Party in questioning the rights of courts in overruling laws enacted by Congress.

"But it is, up to now, good-natured booing and good-natured cheering. What it may become no man knoweth, and few men like to think about. Any safety exhaust valve is better than none.

"But that this Living Newspaper experiment may easily represent the beginning of something fairly momentous in the theater is quite obvious."

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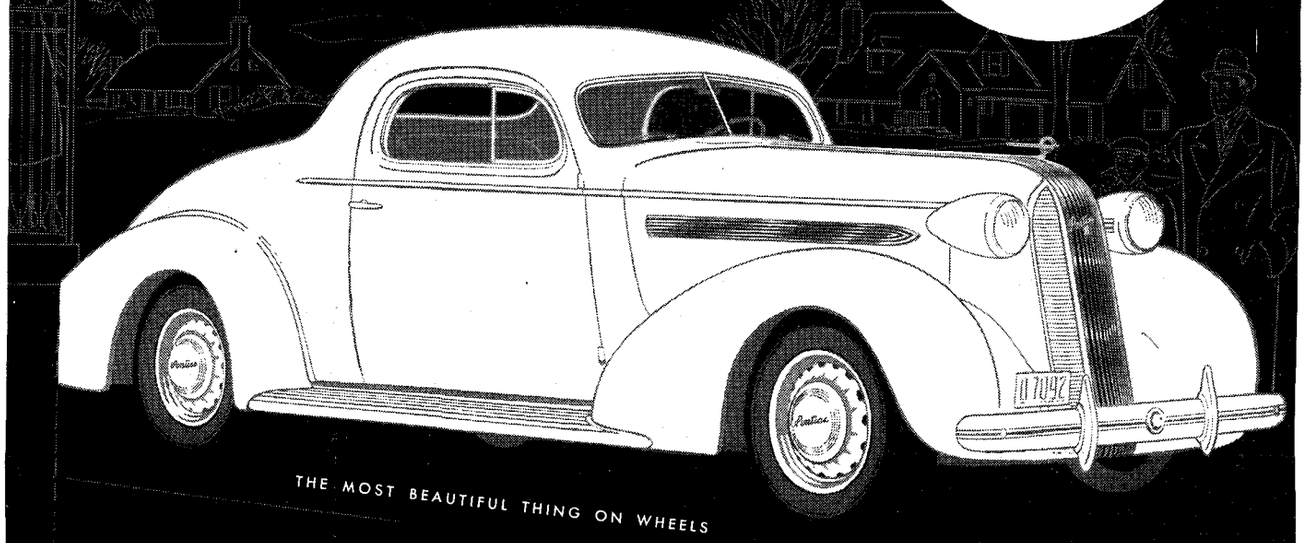

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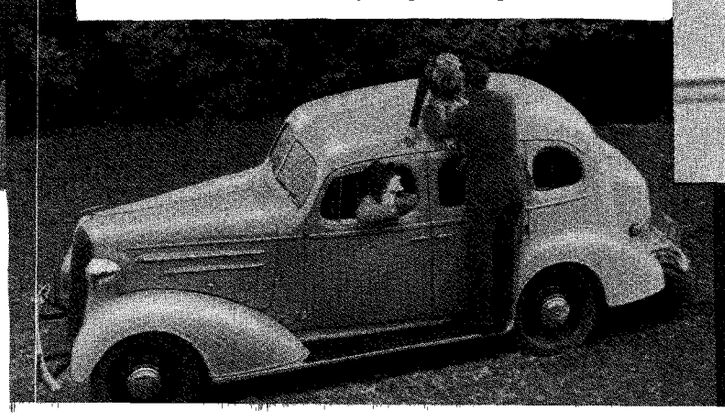

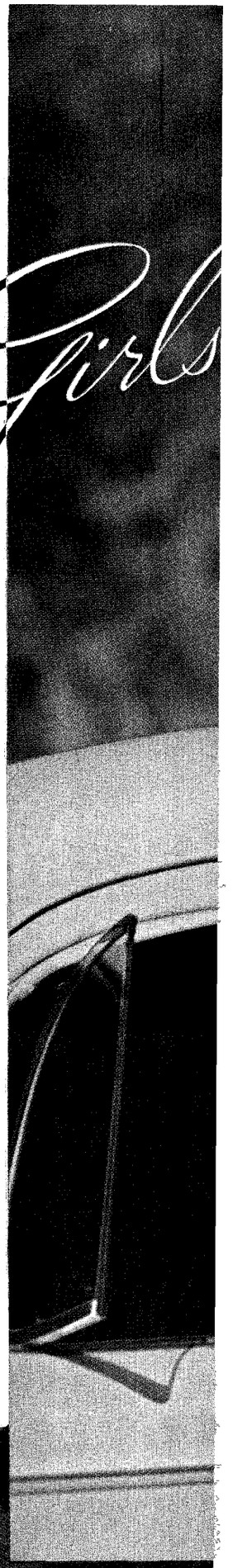

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Five Britons At Home Abroad

White

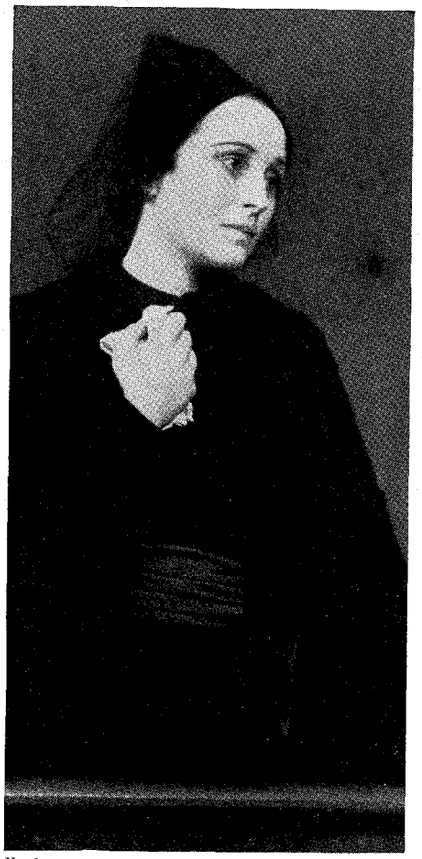
Wendy Hiller: a tragic, despairing textile spinner in "Love on the Dole"

Vandamm

Gladys Cooper: a suburban British matron of resource in "Call It a Day"

White

Agnes Doyle: an Australian outlander stumbling through London in "Fresh Fields"



Vandamm

Joan Marion: a frightened English noblewoman in a court-room in "Libel!"

Visiting back and forth between Broadway and Piccadilly has not been all cheers and good feeling. For several years, American players have encountered resentment in London. English actors, fearing an American invasion, have demanded protection against talented guests.

In New York, American actors have been no less clamorous. And with more success. Actors' Equity Association adopted a ruling that no British player could go direct from a closed play on Broadway to a new one just opening. Six months must intervene between each engagement. Hollywood has become a refuge for English stage cousins whiling away the tedious half-year between plays.

Audiences Cordial

Audiences do not share this restricting attitude. British players have become more and more popular.

On Broadway, no fewer than five English women have been charming audiences this season. Three of them, new to the New York theater, have been hailed as the "most welcome additions to our stage in years." Which makes American actresses feel no better about it.

The five are: Evelyn Laye, returning to Broadway after a six-years' absence.

Gladys Cooper, in her second appearance of the season.

Joan Marion, Agnes Doyle and Wendy Hiller in New York stage débuts.

The latter three, for all that they are not stars, are the players who have kindled the greatest critical enthusiasm.

American play-producers, reacting to the excitement, have been watching them carefully, choosing new plays for them, and begging them to become fixtures in the New York theater.

White

Evelyn Laye: a gallant English girl defeating adversity in "Sweet Aloes"

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America Takes to Russian Ballet

Barbaric Splendor Which Failed to Achieve Box-Office Success Twenty Years Ago Now Grosses Huge Sums on Tour

Twenty years ago a New York audience in jewels and ermine watched a young dancer leap high off the stage and for a few seconds, so it seemed, remain floating in midair.

Fired, the audience sprang to its feet in acclamation of Vlaslav Nijinsky, genius of dance.

This was America's introduction to the Russian ballet. An artistic success, it was nevertheless a box-office flop. Chicago and Kansas City turned a cold shoulder to its barbaric splendor. The late Otto H. Kahn, Mæcenas of the arts, covered the $350,000 deficit of a three-months tour.

Next month, on the twentieth anniversary of Nijinsky's appearance, a Russian ballet will again be performed before the "diamond horseshoe" of New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

The old Imperial ballet troupe is now scattered to the winds. Serge Diaghilev, its guiding genius, is dead. Nijinsky languishes in an asylum for the insane.

But the new Russian Ballet of Monte Carlo, heir and successor to the old, has clicked. Chicago welcomed it with open arms. El Paso, Little Rock, Grand Rapids, and Sacramento paid $4,000 to $5,000 a night to see it.

Soaring Grosses

In the past nine months the company has played 212 times in 110 cities. By the end of the season its grosses will exceed $1,300,000.

Last year, in a six-months tour, according to Ruth Seinfel in *Collier's*, it grossed "a cool million, beating the intake of the Ziegfeld Follies, which covered about the same route." When the dancers hit town, even movie trade fell off.

In Montreal the hockey arena, seating 11,000, had to be hired for them. In Mexico City they played in the bull-fight arena. Altogether, in its three seasons, says Solomon Hurok, theatrical *impresario*, the troupe has given "nearly 400 performances, most of them one-night stands; and the total revenue has been two and a half million dollars, a figure comparable to the grosses of musical comedy troupes and circuses."

"This, in any language," adds Mr. Hurok casually, "is known as business."

On what is this sudden popularity of the ballet founded? Mr. Hurok suggests this as an answer:

"Merchants in the show business classify the Ballet Russe as a girl-show without songs. But sober analysts regard it as a kind of three-ring circus of the arts, in which the senses are simultaneously assailed by symphonic music, painting, and human movement.

"In the past ten years, symphonic music has been sent over the radio in increasing quantities, and the untrained ear of the mass of listeners has become an appreciative one. Art exhibitions have grown into sell-outs, as witness the recent Van Gogh show [in New York] that packed them in.

"Academies of the dance, the serious dance, are splattered all over the American landscape, and there has hardly been a musical on Broadway that has not contained, in the past few years, at least a fragment of a ballet."

New Significance

All of which means, concludes Mr. Hurok, that "you begin to have in the ballet, as they say, Something Significant."

The Monte Carlo troupe was organized in 1932 by W. de Basil, a Cossack colonel who ran a Russian opera house in Paris. With the support of the Princess of Monaco he assembled those children of Russian *emigrés* who were trained in the old Imperial ballet school.

As principal dancer he chose Leonide Massine, the boy who had substituted in New York when the temperamental Nijinsky at first refused to dance. Massine is now recognized as one of the great choreographers of the ballet.

Some say that the Monte Carlo ballet is a dimmed reproduction of the original. Ruth Pickering, in *The Nation*, described it as "the last brave flickers of an art that had lost its home."

To this, according to *Theatre Arts Monthly*, the crowds that "poured in, paying well for their tickets," made "their own answer."

Whatever dimming there may have been is attributed by critics to the death of Diaghilev. Brilliant, aristocratic, sardonic, he dominated the Russian ballet for twenty-five years, nurturing it to full flower.

It was he who commissioned the greatest composers of the time, including Stravinsky, Borodin, deFalla, and Satie, to write for him. He revolutionized the art of stage decoration through Leon Bakst, Picasso, Matisse, and Derain.

"Complex Personality"

In fact, says Lincoln Kirstein in "Dance" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), he was "such a complex personality that it will need the testimony of all his collaborators before a final estimate is achieved. He affected through the medium of ballet every field of art in his time, including painting, architecture, interior decoration, clothes, and literature."

Some say it was Diaghilev who made of the slow-witted, poverty-stricken Polish boy, Nijinsky, the greatest dancer of all time. To others, however—especially to Romola Nijinsky, the dancer's wife, Diaghilev was the villain of a treacherous drama that eventually shattered her husband's mind.

Now that the ballet has "arrived," half a dozen books on both men, often bitterly partizan, have appeared. At least four plays about them are circulating in the producers' offices.

The movies are preparing a cycle of back-stage ballet pictures in which, it is reported, Charles Laughton will impersonate Diaghilev. A musical comedy soon to appear on Broadway is based on a "hoofer" who imagines he is Nijinsky.

Maurice Seymour Photograph

Rivals of the movies and musical comedy: David Lichine, with Sono Osato, Vera Zorina, and Alexandra Danilova, members of the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo, in a scene from "Choreartium"

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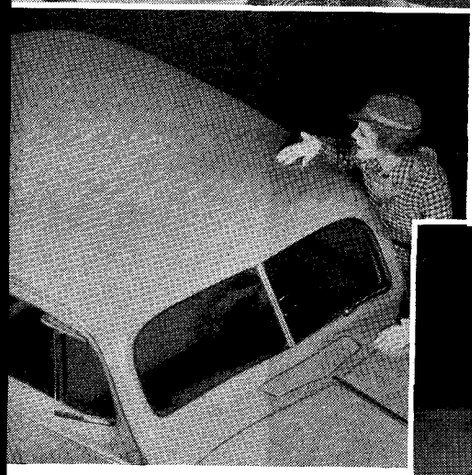

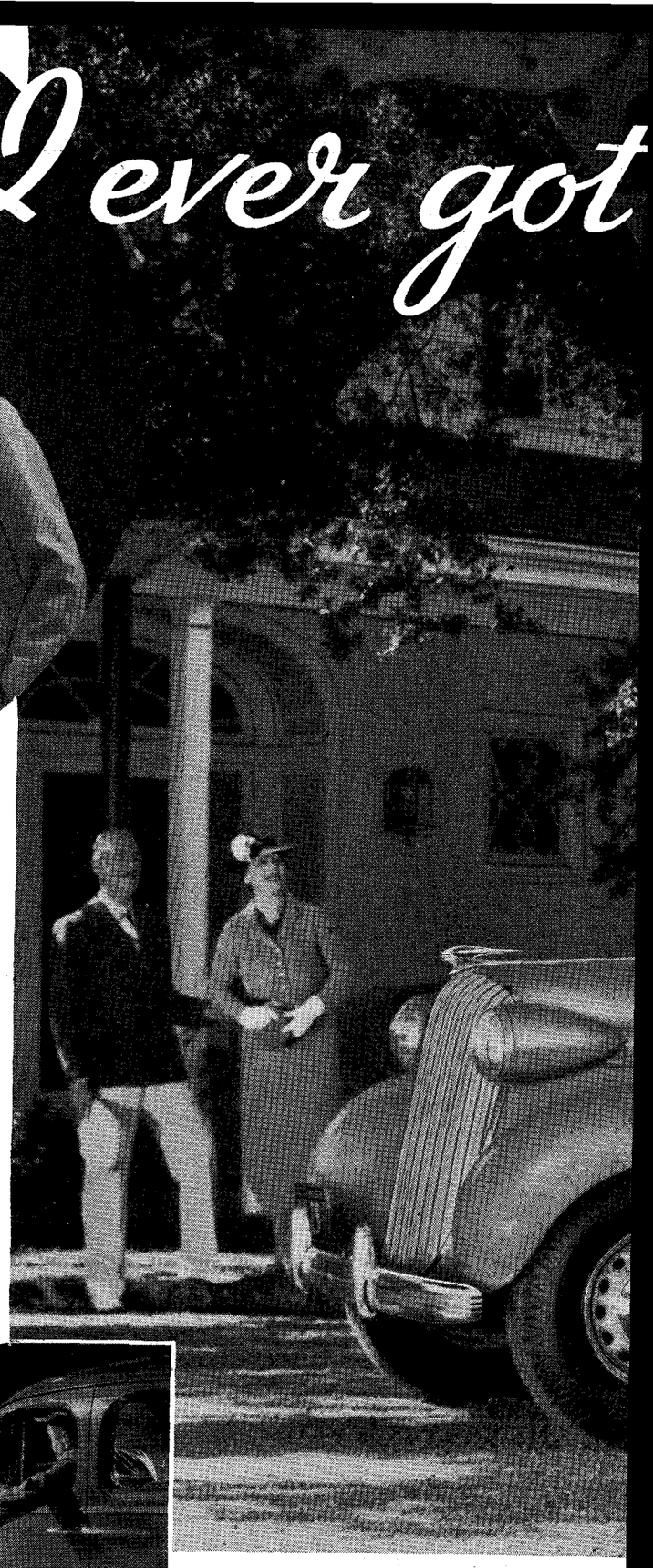

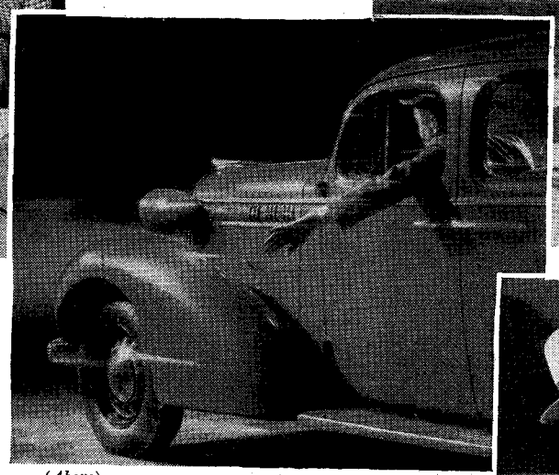

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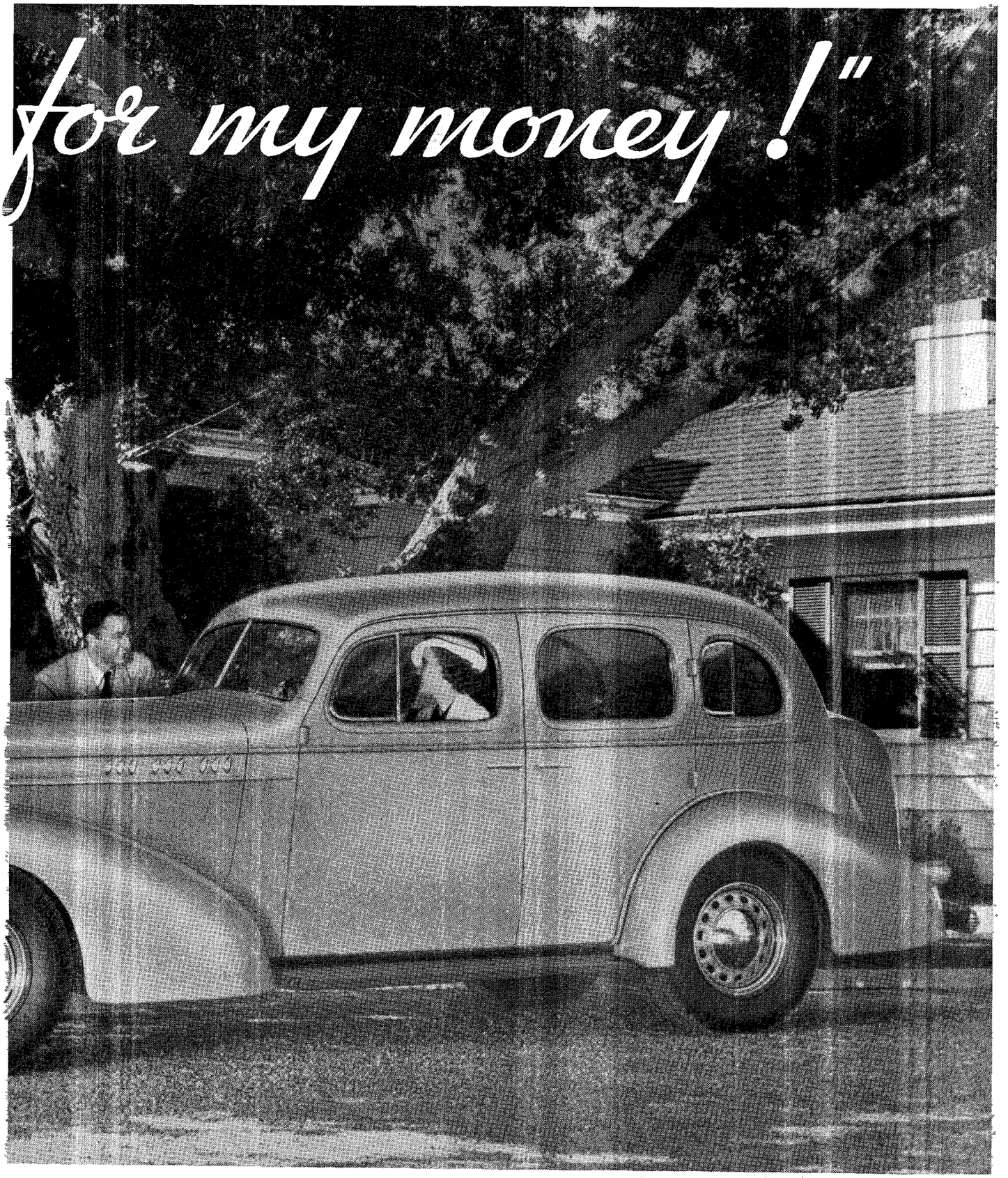

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News of the Book World

Why Keep Them Alive? By Paul de Kruif. 293 pp. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3.)

Doctor de Kruif fairly boils over in righteous anger in his book, which points out that folks have to pay for the benefits of science.

For several years, now, he has been writing of martyrs to medical research, most of them ill-rewarded if given any recompense at all. They comprise a company of scientific saints and, with no small petulance, the author remarks:

"I don't know why it took me so long to see that the strength and life-giving results of the toil of these searchers were for sale; that life was something you could have if you bought and paid for it; which meant you could have your share of it if you'd been shrewd, or crafty, or just lucky."

Perhaps it should be explained that Doctor de Kruif is not a tub-thumper. If his book establishes what is practically an axiom nowadays, that sickness costs money; and, in turn, sets up the corollary that the more money the patient has, the wider the scientific attention at his command, it should not be assumed that the good doctor aims to overthrow the State on this account.

He has a good deal to say about the economic system which allots to poverty the companionship of disease and, indeed, to drive home his points, frequently gets pretty violent in his choice of words. But his is an exhortation to mend our ways.

A Crusade

He does not take into account, being engaged in a crusade for community health, the tremendous inertia of the masses and one often finds it rather easy to dig up an answer to this charge or that. Ignorance is the handmaid of home-doctoring and we should, perhaps, regard the present state of affairs as an improvement over the time not so long ago when Boston was forbidding bath-tubs lest Bostonians become effete.

The attack on the high maternity death rate had first to overcome the resistance of women themselves and even people with plenty of money are apt to look upon the doctor or the dentist as a last resort.

An Angry Book

"A dramatically angry book," says Mary Carter Roberts in the Washington *Star*. "De Kruif writes with the wrath of a discoverer and closes each chapter with a call to the people to rise and demand the things they need, or, for that matter, to take them."

Said Sterling North, in the Chicago *Daily News:*

"Paul de Kruif has written more readable books, better organized books, more optimistic ones. But he has never, in our opinion, written a more passionate, honest, and bitter piece on a more worthy subject. Any reader who can't take it, who isn't whipped into decisive action by the facts here presented, must be accused of caring more for his own peace of mind than for the future of the race.

Hal Phyfe Studio

Dr. Paul de Kruif: "Life was something you could have if you bought and paid for it"

"This volume should be jammed down the throat of every politician who destroys pigs or cotton, every well-fed, well-cared-for industrialist idling over his breast of guinea-hen, every parent—in fact, all of literate America. Those who are illiterate should have it read aloud to them in mass congregations. No more important message has come from the presses since the depression began."

* * *

We in Captivity. By Kathleen Pawle. 374 pp. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; $2.50.)

Kathleen Pawle, English by birth, by adoption American, and married to an Irishman, has used the Dublin Easter Rebellion of 1916 as a violent ecstasy in a first novel of genuine distinction.

The tale is really that of *Ignatius Proudfoot* and how, tho only a schoolboy, he became a man almost overnight with the blood of his best friend upon his clothes and the footprint of another schoolmate on the seat of his breeches because he had been kicked down the stairs to escape and freedom.

There had been the red madness upon him which sends men forth to kill or be killed, and there was nothing cold-blooded about his part in the rising's beginning. As *Father O'Neill* was to reflect in grieving compassion, the young lads of the college were in it because youth must have its fling at glory.

"It was something of the glamour of universal youth that carried me into Kathleen Pawle's very young Irish novel," Lewis Gannett wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"Back to the mood of Rupert Brooke of England, Miss Pawle takes us, and across the Channel to the no less mad and glorious Brookes of Ireland, whose war for freedom was fought against Rupert Brooke's England and was labeled Sedition.

"Miss Pawle tells her story against a singing background of memories of Irish folk-lore and countryside. Sometimes she spills her eloquence too generously; but always she knows the heart of youth."

Tho Miss Pawle has more than a slight touch of the Celtic itch for yarning and blarney, she has not shut her eyes to the other side, however. Her account of the suppression of the rebellion is almost masculinely ruthless, but here and there an outbreak into flamboyant prose betrays the pity in a woman's heart. But the six schoolboys with whom she is concerned are not allowed to escape a grim and painful payment for their moment of patriotic exaltation.

Shadowy images of Irish patriots who, because they arose against England while she was waging war against Germany in France, won themselves glory only in the eyes of those who fled from Dublin in 1916, move through these spacious pages.

The list of men and women and children who love and plot and laugh and weep in these pages is a long one and it speaks eloquently of Miss Pawle's yarning that so many do not confuse.

* * *

Through the Telescope. By Edward Arthur Fath. 220 pp. Illus. (New York: Whittlesey House; $2.75.)

Stars are more than for the gaze of lovers in the eyes of the Professor of Astronomy at Carleton College, and, aided by copious and fascinating illustration, Edward Arthur Fath would have his reader undertake a tour of the Lick and Mt. Wilson Observatories, to prove it. One is constrained to confess surprize that the intricacies and eccentricities of the heavenly bodies could be so interesting to a layman.

Our own satellite, the Moon, becomes queerer, thanks to Professor Fath, than one might have guessed from such smattering of astronomy as is picked up in school. Thus, to play baseball on a lunar diamond, it would be necessary to have dozens of outfielders, because an ordinary batter would normally hit a ball up there anywhere from 1,500 to 1,800 feet. Because he would run around the bases in about twelve strides, the Professor requires him to complete the circuit six times in order to score a home-run.

Recently we all heard of a monstrous meteor which came down in Virginia, New Jersey, or the Atlantic Ocean, according to where those who saw it happened to be. Enough stay-up-at-nighters caught a glimpse of it, however, to keep the newspapers in a fever of excitement for three days. These will be shocked to learn, therefore, "that the average bright meteor is about the size and weight of a grain of coarse sand" and that "many thousands could be held in a child's hand."

The publishers have done a fine job in manufacturing this book for star-gazing with a purpose and the reader had perhaps best be warned that it is a glutton for eating up spare time.

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The building process must begin even before the baby is born. Under her doctor's care and observation, the prospective mother will be advised what she should eat, the amount and kind of exercise she should take and how much time she should spend out-of-doors in fresh air and sunshine.

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After the baby is born, he should when possible have the food that is best for him —his own mother's milk. But if conditions prevent, the doctor will order the best substitute. Into baby's diet must go all the elements needed to build sound teeth, sturdy bones, strong muscles. His food must contain the vitamins needed to help him grow into vigorous childhood and to build up resistance to help him fight off disease.

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This useful book "The Baby" will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 436-L.

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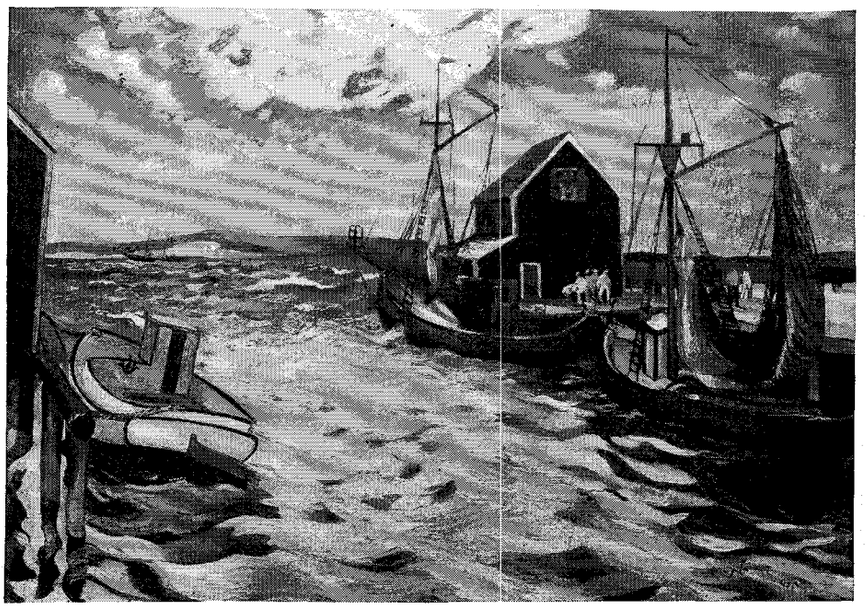
Art Good Even When Hung Askew

National Academy of Design, in 111th Annual Exhibition, Shows the Pictures Its Members Paint to Please Themselves



Courtesy National Academy of Design

Nantucket, *by Hayley Lever, N. A., which won the Edwin Palmer Memorial Prize of $500 for the best marine painting in the Academy's 111th annual exhibition*

The National Academy of Design has exhibited annually 111 times. For 109 years it made a tradition of convention. Last year, in its first exhibit under the presidency of Jonas Lie, granite-jawed Norwegian immigrant, it broke away and recognized architecture, mural painting, modernism, and caricature.

Critics gasped and nibbled at agitated fingers. Within the membership of the Academy not one voice was raised in dissent.

Critics Fooled

The 111th Academy show, current in New York, disturbed critics again last week.

It fooled some of them too—they failed to recognize that one modern painting inadvertently had been hung on its side. A newspaper reporter, with an eye for geometry but none for art, discovered the askew work.

Throughout the clamor, President Lie remained placid. He ascribed the departure from old-fashioned art to the depression.

"I don't believe we've ever hung a less commercial-looking lot of pictures," he said.

Portrait Jobs Fewer

"But that's a good thing. Artists can't find enough patrons any longer to go on painting portraits. And since they can't make money anyway, they paint more the things they want to."

The things they wanted to paint included the customary portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes.

But there were also pictures of unwashed miners, tawdry saloons, flashy gamblers, and dismal slums.

One of the saloon pictures was called "Refreshments." It was painted by a Brooklyn boy of seventeen, Maurice Blumenfeld. He won $200 with it. Another award went to "The Pale Rider," by Sidney Dickenson. It was the one picture in the show even Mr. Lie could not fathom.

It showed a seated woman in apparent peril of being enveloped by a tent-flap, one corner of which was held by a Negro. In the middle distance four white roses fluttered amiably from the sky while a frantic horseman vanished across the horizon. Mr. Dickenson, an Academician, didn't attempt to explain it.

No one else could.

Prodder of Critics

The picture hung on its side was Stefan Hirsch's prodder of critics, "Mail Dispatcher" (Literary Digest, Jan. 25, Feb. 8, 15, March 7, 21).

Represented for the first time were Mexico's giants of art, Orozco and Diego Rivera.

Mr. Lie's calm was matched by the Baltimore *Sun*, which doubted "that any visitor to the Academy's show will be completely surprized and shocked by the intrusion of the moderns."

Academy Defense

Academy members defended themselves against what little important criticism arose. They pointed out that the Academy was founded in dissent 111 years ago, by poor art students, autocratically forbidden easy access to the workrooms of the American Academy of Fine Arts.

Many persons outside the art world believe membership in the National Academy of Design is confined to wealthy, established artists. This is not true. Many a member has washed restaurant dish-water from his hands before getting to work on his canvas.

The jury examined more than 6,000 works before choosing the slightly more than 500 exhibits in the show. The selected conservatives found a champion in the Providence *Evening Bulletin*, which deplored the current "epidemic of modern art in New York."

* * *

Memorial to La Farge

John La Farge, discouraged by a series of bitter reverses in the making of ecclesiastical glass, lay ill in bed years ago. A shaft of sunlight blazed suddenly through his room and its rays fell on a tooth powder bottle of cheap glass.

The resulting tints fired his ambitions anew and led to his discovery of a new kind of opalescent glass.

This week, celebrating the anniversary of his birth in New York 101 years ago, the Metropolitan Museum of Art opened the largest and most complete exhibition of his work ever shown.

Scope Enormous

His scope was enormous. His fame did not rest alone in his glass. He was internationally known as a painter, muralist, book illustrator, lecturer, and writer. Royal Cortissoz, in the catalog of the exhibition, chooses glass as La Farge's master art, noting that in that domain he "had no rival."

Holger Cahill's "Art In America" (Reynal & Hitchcock) agrees with Cortissoz, adds mural painting, and calls it La Farge's "most important contribution" to the nation's artistic development.

All critics are in agreement that the deep-chested six-footer, a virtual invalid with bad sight, inspired painters as few before him had with "his insistence that (they) go back to the sources of tradition in the works of the masters."

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Chouinard—Western artist—Americanized to *shu-nard'*.

De Voll—paints landscapes—rimes with *the doll*.

Frieseke—painter—stress first syllable: *free'zek-a*.

Honoré—mural painter—he calls it *on-er-ay'*, preserving its French origin.

Junge—illustrator—change *j* to *y*, and rime it with *tonguey*.

Martinez—Western painter—retains Mexican values: *mar-tee'ness*.

Mechau—painter—rimes with *gay show: may'show*.

Nuyttens—portraitist—his version of the Dutch *uy* rimes the name with *frightens: nigh'tens*.

Seipp — artist — she says it's *sipe*, riming with *pipe*.

Vaillant — mural painter — as if spelled *valiant*.

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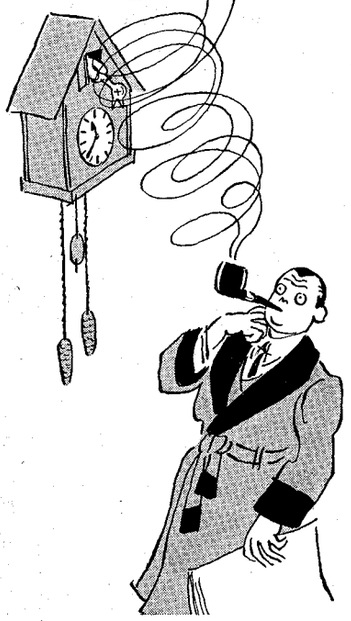
PIPE K. O.'S KUCKOO!



WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

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FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. D-63

Current Poetry

Unpublished poetry is not used in this department. Contributions unaccompanied by postage will not be returned

BLEAK MAGIC

By Lucia Trent

I wish that I were tramping
On Texas plains alone
With space like a flowing river
And night like a wishing-stone.

I could look across the heavens
As red men did of old
And find the stars like berries
Dripping red and gold.

I wish that I were tramping
On sturdy Texas ground,
Its bleakness has a magic
No opulence can sound.

Clean-cut as leaves of cacti,
Open as soothing sky
And the long array of cloud herds
Grazing bulkily by!

And, Oh, this tonic freedom,
This wider breathing span
Where nature's clean economy
Sweeps the heart of man!

I wish that I were tramping
On Texas plains alone
With space like a flowing river
And night like a wishing-stone.

No din with scythe to sever
The tortured nerves apart,
Only untarnished silence
Warm against my heart.

—*Horizons.*

ASHES

By Dorothy Quick

Follow the way of dreaming,
The path of high desire,
Naught lives up to its seeming—
Ashes are left from fire.

The fire of youth burns quickly,
The flame of love flares high;
Alas, the smoke comes thickly,
The ghost of love's last sigh.

Ashes are cold for warming,
Like things that cannot be;
But embers swiftly forming
Recapture dreams for me.

—*Changing Winds* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

POET'S PRAYER

By Elias Lieberman

A song in my heart
And a hole in my purse
May be a blessing,
Not a curse.

But a hole in my heart
And a purse-kept song,—
God, save me from them
All life long.

—*The Author & Journalist.*

THOUGHTS ON HUMAN INTERCOURSE

By Margalet Widdemer

I am so bored I moan and wince
On hearing of the Dionne Quints;
My ears go dull, my eyeballs glassy,
At mention of Haile Selassie;
I'm sick of converse pleased or bitter
On Mrs. Roosevelt's public twitter . . . .
Oh, let us cease this newsreel noise,
And, like the elevator boys,
Just make remarks about the weather
Whenever humans get together.

—*The New Yorker.*

CAROLINE PARKER SMITH, who spends part of her time in Connecticut and much of it on her plantation in Georgia. She is well known not only as a poet but also as a sportswoman and bird-dog fancier

LAMENTATION

By Caroline Parker Smith

Mimosa drips in effulgence supreme
About my room in tears now like my own—
So frail a weeping, delicate, yet blown
Within the soul as some fantastic dream. . . .
And even tho its yellow clusters gleam
I am not sure about things I have known
Of love and life—the hopes that I have sown.
Sometimes it seems the soul of me shall scream
In piteous helplessness before the scheme
Of fate that kills and cuts deep to the bone. . . .
Oh yesterday that was so safely mine,
Where are those moments when love promised all?
Where gone the dreams of stedfastness and song
That were to me love's effervescent sign?
What have I done that I become too small
To dare one drink again of love's rich wine?

—*Literary America*

TRYST

By Lexie Dean Robertson

You are a thousand miles away,
But when the sun dips low,
I know your thoughts are meeting mine
In that resplendent glow.

And when the evening star comes out,
Serenely white and clear,
I feel your heart's sweet whispering
Close to me and dear.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

RESIDUUM

By Adelaide Love

What do I remember?
Three willows by a creek
And a sudden sharp wind blowing
Against a tear-wet cheek.

What remains forever?
A yellow leaf that whirled
And fell while you with quiet words
Were emptying a world.

—*Voices.*

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

●

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

markers.—"E. J. S.," Bronx, N. Y.—There are three terms employed by surveyors to designate the markers referred to. The one most universal, designating a permanent marker in city, country, plains or hills, is *monument*. It is a *monument* whether actually a disk in a city pavement, a concrete block at the shore-edge, or a stone, a stump, or stake.

The second term, possibly more technical, is *datum-point*. This is more rarely used, for it is generally understood as implying elevation in addition to latitude and longitude.

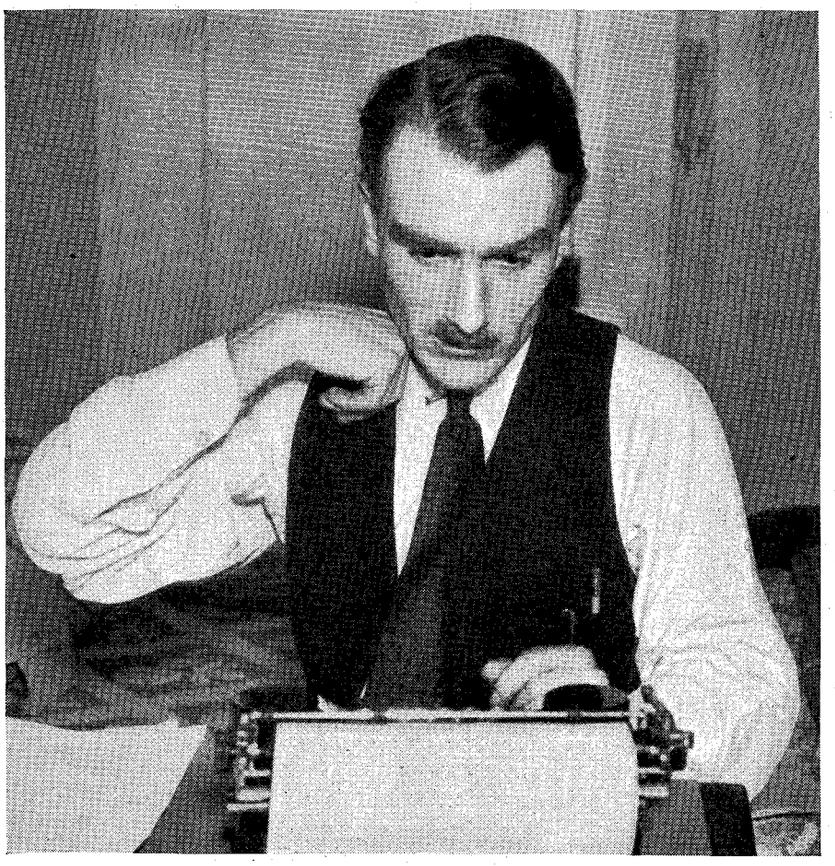
The third term is merely *point*, but designates more particularly the intersection of the cross-lines or the dot as found upon a *monument*.

saunterer.—"A. N. O.," Pelham, N. Y.—Whoever derived *saunter* from *Sainte Terre* either drew from his imagination or from folk etymology, and folk etymology is notoriously misleading. Skeat, sadly put to it when he tries to explain the origin of the word, gives us an interesting presentation of its early usage, but leaves us high and dry as to the true origin, except so far as he declares the term is from Anglo-French *sauntrer*, to venture forth, and adds that it occurs in the "Year Book" of the eleventh-twelfth year of the reign of King Edward III. Dr. Henry Bradley states that the term is of obscure origin, and says the unequivocal history of the term begins with its mention by Skinner, 1667.

In its original sense, the word means "to meditate over, ponder, muse"; hence, it was an abstract term and continued so to 1600, perhaps later. From about 1625 the word was used to designate what we term to-day "ca' cannying"; in other words, "dawdling over one's work, trifling," and, therefore, "idling, acting in an indecisive way." From that we derive "to move lazily," and ultimately got "loitering," which is practically "traveling indolently with frequent intermissions; lingering idly along one's way."

We derive the term from the Old French *s'adventurer*, "to expose oneself to danger, to jeopard, to hazard." Thus an *adventurer* was "one who freely and without compulsion or charge went to the wars." He was a "freebooter" or a "boot-haler." This, according to Cotgrave, 1611.

sedulous, assiduous.—"T. K.," Chicago, Ill.—These terms have so little difference that they are commonly used interchangeably. Some dictionaries define them in identical terms. However, *assiduous* possesses the quality of more unremitting diligence than is denoted by *sedulous*, and this difference seems to have been observed in Latin usage as well.



The mystery of the Missing Whiskers

—*and 12 clues that solved it*

by Boake Carter, Famous Radio News Commentator

IN MY RAMBLINGS here and there I've noticed a very definite decrease in the number of unshaven faces among my fellow men. And being a newspaper man, I found myself asking "Why?" Is it because men are more conscious of their personal appearance . . . or is it because shaving itself has become more pleasant?

To find the answer to this question, I betook myself to Boston, the home of Gillette razor blades. There I browsed through a great modern factory and found:

That . . . even a newborn babe never received more constant care and supervision than that which is expended on the steel that goes into this blade.

That . . . square cut diamonds—80 times harder than any other known substance—are pressed against samples of the steel strips from time to time, to test their temper and keep their hardness to Gillette's exacting standards.

That . . . giant sharpeners, weighing tons, yet adjustable to watch-like fineness, hone and strop the Gillette blade in one continuous operation. The resulting shaving edges are so sharp that they can be measured only by a beam of light cast along the edges by a photo-electric tester.

That . . . after the edges are put on, no human hand touches the blade until you and I use it in the bathroom. Furthermore, the blades are processed to prevent rust and are sprayed with a powerful antiseptic before being wrapped, so strict are Gillette's hygienic requirements.

That . . . in the manufacturing process this blade is tested by photo-electric devices; by fire; by electro-magnetic machines and by keen-eyed inspectors aided by high-power microscopes. Finally, each blade is anchor-wrapped in its package so that the original keenness cannot be marred by jarring against the envelope.

And so, I found not just *one* answer to my question, but a dozen of them. And after what I saw, it became clear that Gillette represents an investment of millions of dollars in machinery, in accuracy, labor, laboratory testing and scientific research—all working together like a well oiled machine, turning out a potential of millions of perfect shaves a day.

What I saw solved for me the "Mystery of the Missing Whiskers." Now I know why the vast majority of men these days are clean-shaven—and insist on Gillette when they buy razor blades.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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Growing Army of the Aged

Science's Prolongation of Life Adds to Dilemma Facing U. S.; It Can Not Be Solved by Pensions Alone

Half a century ago, obeying his "law of peace, work, and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities that beset him," Louis Pasteur, great French scientist, electrified the world with his dramatic conquests of disease.

Since that day, diseases that ravaged whole populations—such as smallpox, diphtheria and typhus—have nearly disappeared. Children's maladies which made the age-period from one to twelve a grisly gantlet, are all but under control. Terrors that struck down adults are on the wane.

The final result is, people live longer. The ancient proportion of old people as compared with young people has been upset. Consequently, however, the world, especially America, is facing a dilemma.

"If you think of the nation as a great industrial plant," says Marjorie Van de Water in *Science Service*, "these old people . . . may be likened to the outworn or outmoded machines of industry which no longer earn but which must be stored. . . .

Humanity in Storage

"America is steadily and rapidly adding to the pile of cherished but obsolete humanity placed on the shelf for storage.

"At the other end of the industrial chain . . . young people are growing fewer in proportion to their elders.

"We shall soon have twice as many old people as we do to-day. More than 10,000,000 persons over sixty lived in the United States at the last census in 1930. By 1960, that figure will be more than doubled. In less than twenty-five years, we may expect to have more than 21,000,000 persons past the pension age."

One side of the dilemma this raised is pictured by Arthur Brisbane, veteran editor, himself seventy-one, in the April *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. He writes:

"The stumbling block in youth's path is the longer life of modern man.

"Fifty years ago the British landowner, or American business owner, died at about fifty. His son, or the nearest in succession, found opportunity waiting at the age of twenty-five to thirty, at the height of his energy and ambition. . . .

Waiting Youth

"Now he must wait, begin as an older man, when new ideas have faded. Life becomes, for young men, a game of waiting."

Proponents of the Townsend and other pension plans have a suggestion for this. Pension off all over sixty, they advise.

But at least one scientist, who has made a study of old age, believes that to shelve old people would be to sign their death warrants. She is Dr. Lillien Jane Martin.

In 1916, two decades ago, Doctor Martin was retired as Professor of Psychology at Leland Stanford University on account of her age. She was sixty-five.

Alert, vigorous, Doctor Martin was not the sort to sit idle. Her "retirement" was really the beginning of her career—it was then she began her pioneer study of old age. At seventy-eight, she published her book on "Salvaging Old Age," followed in 1933 by "Sweeping the Cobwebs." At eighty-five, she drives her own car, takes an air-plane when she is in a hurry, and has made herself one of the foremost authorities on old age's problems.

Whether retirement on a pension usually brings happiness can be argued endlessly.

But the problem has other aspects, too. Miss Van de Water points out some of them.

"Many unforeseen events may occur, of course, to turn the population tide into a new pathway," she declares.

"The luxurious pensioning of the aged, if it happens, may be such a turning point. . . .

"There may arise a lumbering 'old age lobby,' a sort of 'senile-ocracy,' in which industrial and scientific progress will be crushed by the economic power of the naturally conservative and dictatorial elders."

The Peaceful Present

Modern times are said to be hurried and dangerous. Automobile casualties keep newspaper head-lines big and black. Machines snuff out lives. Gangsters twitch lethal trigger-fingers.

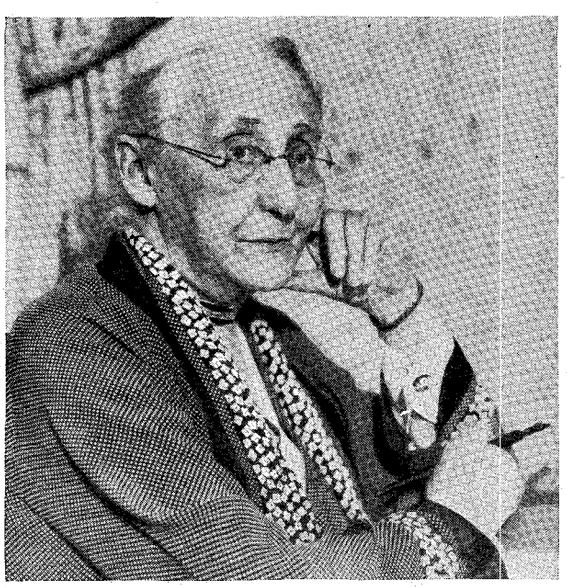
But compared with the most tranquil times of antiquity, our times are safe and peaceful. So concluded statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company last week when they made a study of causes of death in ancient Greece and Rome. Out of 275 noted persons, the causes of whose deaths are known, 136 died by violence—nearly half.

Some were soldiers—their death by violence might have been expected. But excluding warlike figures there were still twenty-one violent deaths among ninety-five.

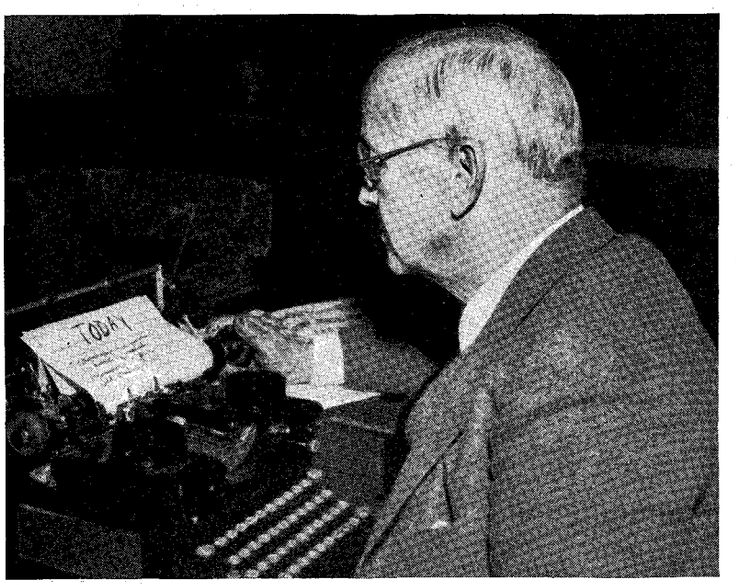
Nearly a quarter of Greece and Rome's most peaceful citizens seem to have died violently.

"What modern figures can we cite by way of comparison?" asks *The Statistical Bulletin*. "The proportion of deaths from violent causes, including accident, homicide, suicide, in our general population to-day is about 9.5 per cent. . . .

"However much our days are hurried and endangered by machines and engines of destruction, they are apparently safe and peaceful in comparison with the 'golden' days of antiquity."



Acme



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Dr. Lillien Jane Martin: her "retirement" at sixty-five was really the beginning of her career—her pioneer study of old age; Arthur Brisbane (right) *concludes that "life becomes, for young men, a game of waiting"*

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Gold in Junk-Hills

Use of Scrap Metal Becomes a Billion-Dollar Industry

On June 21, 1919, a week before the Versailles Treaty was signed, the German fleet lay at Scapa Flow, awaiting disposal. From France came word that the Treaty's terms were irrevocable; the ships would have to be turned over to the British.

At 11:15 A.M., a signal flashed from the cruiser *Emden*. The German captains had decided to scuttle their vessels rather than turn them over to an enemy. Explosives roared. The entire fleet sank to the bottom.

London, astonished at this unexpected move, apparently contained only one man who thought of it in terms of the metal lost to the world. He was E. H. Cox, a British metal-dealer. He bought the sunken German fleet from the British Navy—six battle-ships and twenty-five torpedo boats and destroyers—and began the largest single salvaging operation in history.

At first things went badly. Grappling hooks ripped through the sunken hulls. Finally Cox put slings under the keels, pumped air into the ships to lighten them, and raised them one by one.

It took six weeks to bring up the first. The whole operation consumed more than ten years. Cox estimated the cost of the job at $2,500,000. The metal in the ships, sold as scrap, was calculated to be worth $13,000,000.

But this is only a drop in the bucket compared with the continual, unspectacular salvaging jobs going on all around us.

Primary Source

"Scrap metal may be simply junk to you," says Philip H. Smith in the April *Scientific American*, "but it is fast becoming our primary source of many metals. . . .

"Behind scrap is a billion-dollar industry, composed of thousands of small dealers and hundreds of big ones who operate independently, but who in the aggregate form a closely-knit organization. . . . It collects a vast array of worn-out products, sorts them, grades them, sluices them into great 'surface mines' ready for use again in the manufacture of new products. . . .

"Old copper represents about one-third of the total annual copper production. Lead ranks next . . . and then follow aluminum, zinc, and tin. . . .

"Scrap now constitutes about 50 per cent. of new steel content."

Bane of Existence

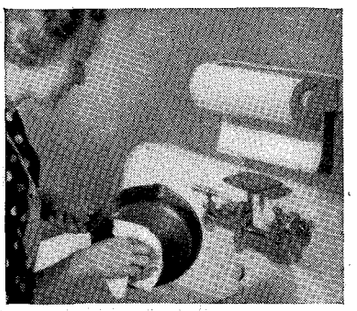
Old automobiles, tho, are the bane of the scrap-collector's existence. They contain so many different metals, mixed as alloys. When these are melted down, the result is an alloy of valuable content, exasperating and expensive to handle.

But the alloy problem is one that scrap-dealers will have to solve, and they can't do it by rejecting scrapped autos, thinks Mr. Smith. The age of alloys is upon us.

Some way will have to be found to separate the original metals cheaply, restoring them to approximate purity.

The man who solves that problem will make a fortune.

DRAINING FOODS—Absorbent ScotTowels are convenient for draining grease from bacon and fried foods.



WIPING POTS AND PANS—ScotTowels quickly wipe off grease and soot. Use, then throw away. Nothing to rinse out afterwards.

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PAPER TOWELS for the kitchen—such a convenience! Fewer dish towels to wash. Instead—a fresh, clean ScotTowel always ready when you need one!

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Mopping up spilled liquids—Greasing cake pans—Slicking up the sink—Dusting

Made of "thirsty fibre"—ScotTowels are twice as absorbent as ordinary paper towels. They really dry.

ScotTowels are on sale at grocery, drug and department stores. 2 big rolls 25¢, 150 towels on each roll. Or, write Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

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If you cannot buy ScotTowels at your favorite store, send the coupon to Scott Paper Company—and you will receive:

2 Rolls of ScotTowels and one Fixture for **50¢**

6 Rolls of ScotTowels and one Fixture for **$1.00**

(Offer applies only to U.S., its insular possessions and Canada.)

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Check color of towel fixture desired: ☐ ivory ☐ pale green

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Fish, Flies, and a "Traitor"

Angling Season Gets Under Way in Many States as Donald Stillman Comes Out Flatly for Casting for Trout With Worms

A broad-shouldered man with a battered, floppy old sailing hat, a bronzed face, and spray-spattered glasses wobbling on his nose, expected to find himself this week sitting in the stern of a thirty-five foot launch with his feet braced against fifty pounds of jouncing, jumping sailfish.

But flood conditions forced President Roosevelt last week temporarily to postpone his plans for a three-weeks' fishing trip off the Florida Coast. He expected eventually, however, to drop budget-wrestling, politics, and White House worries for an extended wrestling bout with the sporty sailfish, a type of angling he prefers to any other.

No amateur fisherman, Mr. Roosevelt fought with a 134-pound, nine-foot "sail" for two hours, and landed him unaided on his last fishing trip. Next to the sailfish, he likes the barracuda, and in shallow waters, the bonefish, considered by many to be more exciting than trout or bass.

Season Opens

More vital to millions of American anglers than the President's fishing trip is the opening of the season, which traditionally merits a red circle on the calendar. The trout season begins April 1 in many States, including Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Nebraska, New York, and Rhode Island. It has been on since early March in Missouri and Tennessee. In most parts of Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, it opens April 15.

Figures slap on the back the statement that fishing is this country's universal sport. Almost 6,000,000 licenses to fish are paid for annually. Experts estimate an equal number of persons fish in the United States without benefit of license—which indicates a possible total of 12,000,000 anglers, or more than one-tenth the gross population of the country. The latest reports reveal that almost $7,000,000 is paid out annually for fishing and hunting licenses.

Fishing wasn't always a sport. With a generous slice of imagination, Frank G. Menke traces its beginning in the newest edition of his capsule encyclopedia, "The All Sports Record Book":

"The first fishing done on this earth wasn't for the fun of it. Fish were caught to replenish the food supply of primitive man. But nowhere is there any record who discovered that fish were edible.

First Sea Food

"It is likely that some semistarving human came upon fish trapped in mud, after tide-waters receded, and decided to take a chance. Having no fire in those times, he ate his fish raw, leaving it to his descendants to discover fire and conduct fish-fries with potato-chips and a mug of ale. . . ."

No sport offers more fodder for controversy than angling. Piscatorial purists sneer and shrink with horror at the thought of casting for trout, "aristocrat of the stream," with anything but flies. Last week Donald Stillman took his life in his hands stating flatly in the New York *Herald Tribune* that "the angler who goes abroad on opening day in New York State with a fly box or fly book is, to put it mildly, an optimist."

"My faith is not sufficiently strong," he wrote, "to leave my bait-can at home. Nor do I, like one 'fly purist' of my acquaintance, carry my bait-can in my creel, slipping on a worm only when no one is looking.

"As a matter of fact, I am quite proud of that can. . . . It rides securely fastened to my belt where all may see it, for I am one of those backsliders who consider bait-fishing an 'art' and, at times, as difficult of execution as fly-casting.

"To be sure, I have been ostracized in some of the best angling circles for this attitude, but I persist, altho I will admit my feelings are sometimes hurt when I enter these select circles and hear the epithet 'worm fisherman' hissed at me as I make my way to some quiet corner.

"And yet, somehow or other, I can not rid myself of the idea that it is just as difficult to cast a worm-baited hook thirty or forty feet upstream as it is to place a dry fly the same distance."

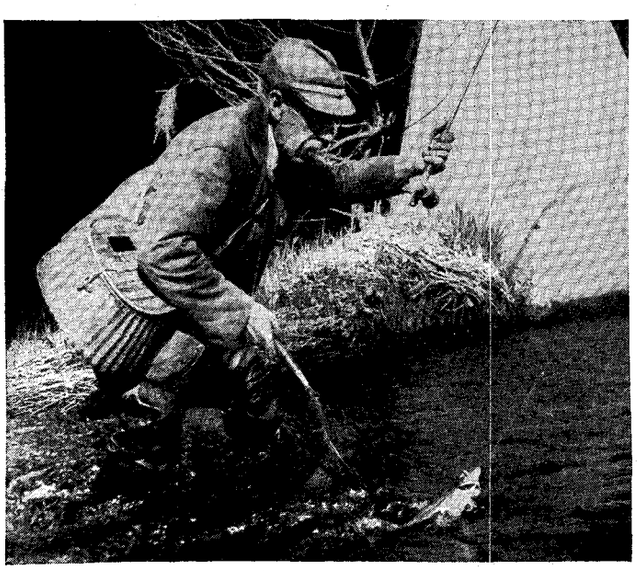
Mr. Stillman may yet wake up to find himself hailed as the Benedict Arnold of the angling fraternity. He won't be the first outspoken brother to be accorded that particular honor. That's what makes fishing fun.

Stanley Cup Battle

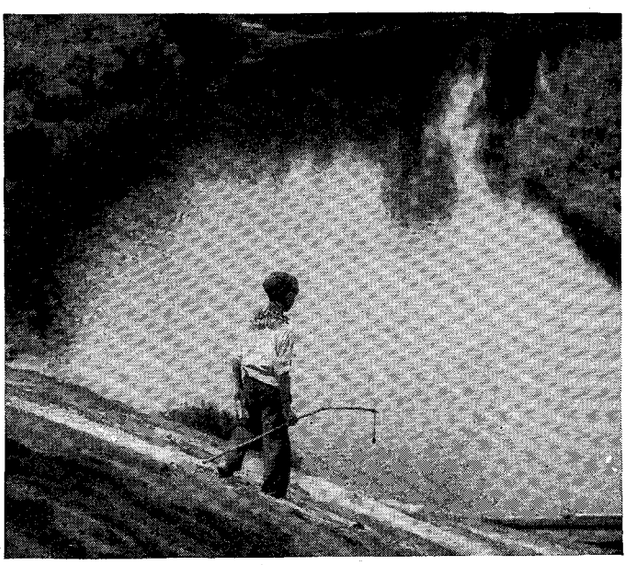
The most treasured trophy in professional hockey is a battered, bent, slightly tarnished unfashionable old mug which cost no more than $50. This week six teams start the battle for its possession in the Stanley Cup play-offs, the world series of pro hockey.

Not since the National Hockey League was founded in 1908 has there been a more bitter battle for the right to enter the play-offs than this year. The six teams fighting for the Cup, emblematic of professional hockey's world championship, are the Montreal Maroons, last year's champions; the Toronto Maple Leafs, the New York Americans, the Detroit Red Wings, the Chicago Black Hawks, and the Boston Bruins.

For the first time in hockey history, Lester Patrick's New York Rangers are out of the play-offs. Hanging on by their teeth, the Rangers lost out last week when the Bruins won the right to enter the play-offs by tying the Maple Leafs. Traditionally,



Acme



Warren Boyer Photograph

Twelve million anglers in United States: One reason why fishing is this country's universal sport is that it bars neither age nor youth. Here is graphic proof of that assertion

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the first three teams in each division of the League (International and American) compete for the Stanley Cup.

More significant than the failure of the veteran Rangers to make the play-offs this year was Mervyn (Red) Dutton's success in shoving the New York Americans into their second Stanley Cup series in the eleven years of their existence. In his first year as manager, the colorful, scrappy Dutton not only rebuilt a wrecked hockey team, but became the first player-manager ever to send the Americans into the play-offs.

Nominating Dutton for the Hart Trophy —awarded annually by the hockey writers to the player most valuable to his team— Dan Parker of the New York *Daily Mirror* last week wrote:

"'Keep Punching, But Hard' confronts the eyes of Red's players every time they enter the dressing room, and fills them with new inspiration."

The motto scrawled on the blackboard in the Americans' dressing room is no pollyanna platitude. Nineteen years ago in France, Parker recalled, a shell ripped into the ranks of Canada's famous fighting unit, the Princess Pats. One of those mangled but not killed was a red-headed kid of nineteen who grinned at the army surgeon.

"Keep punching, kid, keep punching and you'll come through," the doctor told Red Dutton. Red returned to his Calgary home twenty months later. Last year he took over one of the weakest teams in the National Hockey League, told them to "keep punching." They didn't win enough games to suit Dutton, so he picked up a piece of chalk, added: "—but hard."

The motto seems to have worked.

String Unsnapped

More than twenty colleges have tried to snap Yale's string of swimming victories in the last twelve years. Last week Harvard tried again and failed. The Eli mermen gained their 151st successive victory in intercollegiate dual-meet competition, beating the Crimson 45 to 26 before 2,500 persons at New Haven.

Famous coaches frequently attract outstanding athletes. For years Bob Kiphuth, Yale's internationally known swimming instructor, has drawn some of the best available material in the collegiate world for his teams. Kiphuth, who is one of the few swimming mentors who can not swim a stroke himself, teaches his swimmers their faults by squatting on the floor of the tank, a specially invented helmet on his head, a weighted vest on his back.

Jumping Derby

Frog-jumping derbies are no novelty in this country, altho few sports-fans know that at least one such contest is held annually at Angels Camp, California.

Last week Fred Orsinger of the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington planned to hold a national jumping contest—but it won't be limited to frogs. Entries so far include bull-frogs, black horse grasshoppers and jack-rabbits.

The show will be held late in April or early in May.

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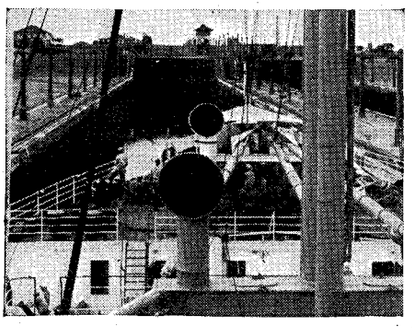

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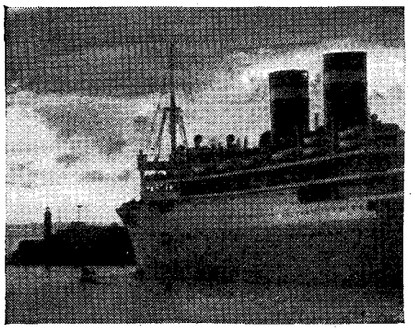

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Persons and Personalities

Ribbentrop: Hitler's Gloved Hand

Roving Ambassador, Good Listener and Speaker, Serves Germany Much as Eden Helped Britain and as Davis Aids U. S.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, "Extraordinary and Authorized Ambassador of the German Reich," has sometimes been called Reichsfuehrer Hitler's gloved hand.

Astute, polished, silky, the special ambassador at large is well equipped to battle Germany's cause before the Council of the League of Nations. Last week, at the head of a large delegation, he arrived in London for that purpose (see page 12).

He has the reputation of being one of the smartest men in the foreign diplomatic field. Like Anthony Eden of Britain, who formerly filled a similar rôle, he knows when to yield, when to demand. Like Eden, he has a great deal of personal charm. Like Eden, he is always elegantly immaculate.

He was not always a member of the diplomatic corps. Once he was a whisky salesman.

Born April 30, 1893, at Wesel, Hanover, he went to Canada in 1911. There he held the post of draftsman in an engineering firm.

Kaiser's Choice

A curious-minded young newspaper woman, Eleanor Hall Kelly, asked him how he had managed to engage in a civilian calling when he was of military age.

Said he—and he has been accused of being indiscreet that time: "The Kaiser allows some of us to serve him in other ways." But then he added the explanation that his health was bad.

He did not expect that Canada would go to war against Germany. His poor guess nearly cost him his freedom in 1914 when war was declared.

Canadian Intelligence officers believing him to be an important member of the German Secret Service, went in search of him. He gave them the slip and crossed into this country. Soon thereafter, he sailed for Germany, served throughout the War as an officer of Hussars, was severely wounded on the Russian front, and came out of the service impoverished. It was then he became a liquor salesman.

His fortunes improved, in 1920 he married Annelies, daughter of Kommerzienrat Otto Henkell, champagne millionaire.

Now definitely a rich man, he turned to politics and Hitler's National Socialism. His ability was soon recognized. His influence attracted other young men of wealth and family into Nazi ranks.

When the Party underwent a serious financial crisis in 1932-'33, von Ribbentrop went to its assistance.

Hitler Intermediary

It was he who arranged the now famous first meeting between Hitler and Col. Franz von Papen, who was the former President von Hindenburg's closest adviser. Hitler has never forgotten the great service von Ribbentrop rendered him.

Von Ribbentrop was sent to various foreign countries to report reactions to the Fuehrer's policies. He did a first-rate job.

It was he, according to reports, who engineered the visit of French Fascists to Berlin.

It was he who directed the visit of several German Nazis to France. And it was he who maneuvered that brilliant feat last year when he won British assent to Germany's naval plans.

"Von Ribbentrop," says Lemuel Parton in a Consolidated News Features, Inc., copyrighted article, "who may some day appear in the history books as one of the shrewdest of diplomatic strategists . . . is brilliantly educated, one of the most personable of German diplomats. . . .

Likened to Davis

"Negotiating at large around Europe, . . . he is . . . compared, in this capacity, to our own Norman H. Davis."

An ardent Nazi, with many aristocratic qualities which the rank and file of the Party dislike, von Ribbentrop speaks impeccable English and French. Short, but sturdy and agile, he is a crack tennis player and horseman. He is socially inclined, and he plays a good hand of bridge; his smile is frequent and engaging. Keen about a good political discussion he is an attentive listener, as well as an able speaker.

He is sometimes called "Adolf Hitler's smoothest fixer." Troubled nations in Europe watch him these days."

Keystone

"Hitler's smoothest fixer": Joachim von Ribbentrop, Ambassador Extraordinary

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Finance and Industry

World's Largest Enterprise

Walter Gifford, at Washington Inquiry, Concedes That Bell System Is "Virtual Monopoly," But Denies Wanting "Unreasonable Profit"

Attendants swung open the thick, walnut doors of one of Washington's most magnificent hearing-rooms last week. The Federal Communications Commission sat back of an ornate, raised bench which faced long windows draped with blue velvet.

Witness and lawyers crossed the tan, inlaid cork floor to walnut chairs upholstered in blue leather and studded with brass.

After months of private investigation, the Commission had opened its public inquiry into the affairs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the affiliated corporations comprising the Bell System.

Commissioner Paul Walker read the joint Congressional resolution authorizing the investigation to determine "the effect of monopolistic control upon the reasonableness of telephone rates and charges."

Then Samuel Becker, the Commission's acting special counsel, took charge, asserting that the inquiry has been directed primarily "to the development of such facts as have not been known to the public."

"Fullest Information"

Walter S. Gifford, President of the A. T. & T., chief witness, quickly recalled the announced policy of the Company to give the public the "fullest information."

With the Telephone executive smiling and nodding general affirmation, the Commission counsel summed up the System: its total assets of more than $5,000,000,000; its operating revenue for 1935 of $934,400,000; its more than 80,000,000 miles of wire; its salary of $206,000 a year to Mr. Gifford.

Mr. Gifford conceded the System to be a "virtual monopoly" embracing 85 per cent. of the country's telephone communications, with 13,844,633 of its telephones leased to the public.

Mr. Becker, small, dark, and dapper, fired his questions rapidly and concisely in a well-modulated voice. Often he pointed his finger at the witness, raising it to a level with his eyes and squinting as if he were aiming a small pistol.

When asked whether the A. T. & T. was the largest private enterprise in the world, Mr. Gifford leaned back in his chair, and twirled his spectacles. His double-breasted blue suit and maroon tie blended with the witness chair's blue upholstery.

"As far as I know, that is correct," he said finally.

Mr. Becker pressed the point of ownership by A. T. & T. of Western Electric, a manufacturer of telephone equipment. Wasn't this to control the price?

"It was to see that the price was reasonable," Mr. Gifford replied. "I don't mean we want ever to boost prices, or make an unreasonable profit."

"You mean the public relies on your integrity?" Mr. Becker asked.

"Stupidity" Not Expected

"No, the public relies on our not being stupid," Mr. Gifford retorted.

On the employment policy of the Bell System, Mr. Becker showed that the number of employees dropped 120,000, or 32 per cent., from 1929 through 1935; payrolls declined 26 per cent.; while operating revenues dropped only 13 per cent., and dividend payments were continued at the prosperity rate of $9 a share.

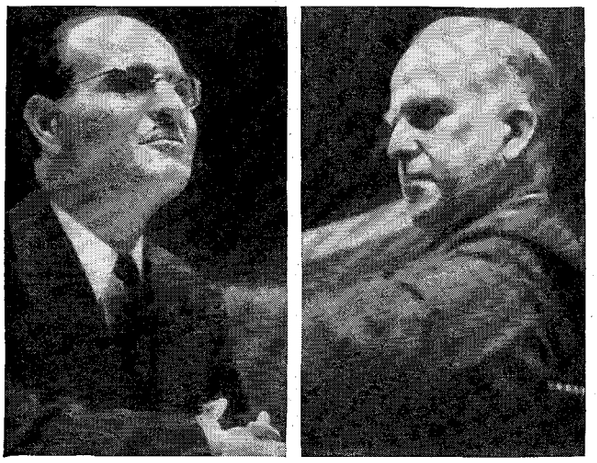
The telephone chief contended that the continuance of the dividend rate helped the workers.

Subsequent testimony turned to the use of the Company's wires, telephones, and teletypewriters by horse-race news-service and gambling establishments.

T. G. Miller, a Company vice-president, testified that the System is now serving only two racing-services, the Nation-Wide News-Service, operating in 200 cities in this country and Canada and a subsidiary which functions in twenty-three cities.

Andrew W. Kavanaugh, President of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, testified that the Nation-Wide News-Service, headed by Moe Annenberg, is becoming the biggest racket in the United States. The income of Annenberg is now about $6,000,000 a year.

Mr. Gifford, recalled to the stand, declared: "We don't want business with people who are violating the law. But the lawyers informed us some years ago that we couldn't refuse to give service to people who wanted racing-news — that it would have been discrimination."



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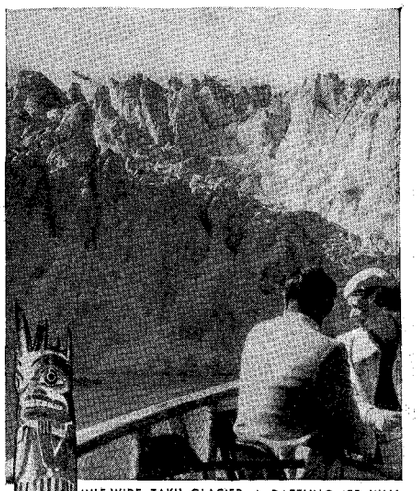
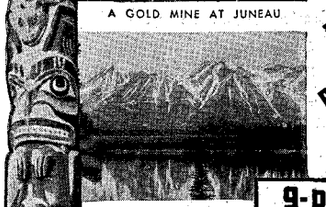
Samuel Becker, of the FCC, fired the questions; Walter S. Gifford (right), *of the A. T. & T., gave the answers*

Cruise to ALASKA
THIS SUMMER



MILE-WIDE TAKU GLACIER, A DAZZLING ICE WALL

A GOLD MINE AT JUNEAU



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Shell Union Climbs Out of Red Ink

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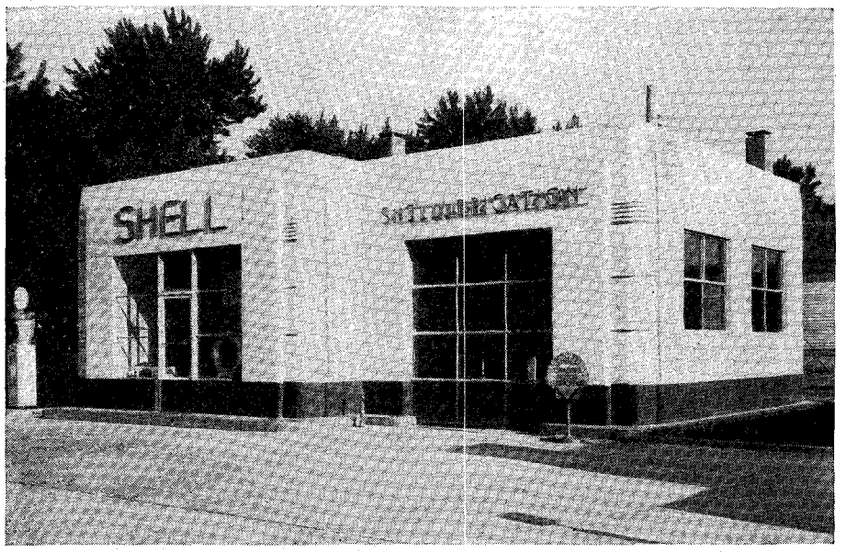

"The filling station of the future": one of the Shell Company's new cream-colored porcelain stations, stripped of frills and designed primarily for usefulness

Near the turn of the century, a white-suited, distinguished man of thirty-six rode through choppy seas on a tiny steamer to the hot, monsoon-torn isle of Sumatra.

Henri Deterding, determined to learn the oil business, had joined the Royal Dutch Company. He wanted to see first-hand that firm's refinery in a lonely spot in the north part of the island.

For hours, before even the dim outline of the shore appeared, he could see vast masses of smoke belching up in the sky. In that smoke drifted all the gasoline, benzine, fuel, and lubricating oil the field produced.

Only the kerosene, 50 per cent. of the crude oil, went into tanks. All the by-products went up the chimney as waste.

The oil man, since knighted, who saw that pillar of smoke, sky-rocketed to the head of the great company, and eventually saw to it that his research engineers stopped the waste. With a sense of heroic enterprise he made his firm chief oil salesman in Europe and the equal of Standard in the Orient. Then, in 1914, he turned his face toward America.

American Millions

American cash—nearly $300,000,000 to date—bought bond issues to finance a separate U. S. firm, the Shell Union Oil Corporation. Approximately 60 per cent. of the common stock was, and is, held by the Royal Dutch interests.

From the new company's own wells gushers of oil poured into its own refineries. The bright yellow and red filling station, since toned down, became a familiar roadside sight in the West.

Then, in 1929, came the invasion of the East, already thickly speckled with "gas" pumps. In three years Shell added thousands of stations on the Eastern seaboard, and joined Texaco as the only other firm operating stations in all forty-eight States.

Last week there were smiles on faces that had frowned during the lean years of depression and expansion-caused deficits. The annual Shell report for 1935 showed profits of $6,812,000, compared with a deficit of $949,000 in 1934.

"Shell Union Oil Corporation to-day ranks as the third largest oil company in the United States in respect of refinery capacity and output," says *Barron's*.

"The company has not been one content to rest on its oars, but seeks to fortify itself in every major field in the country. . . ."

Every cog in the company's completely-integrated organization meshed to create the profit that made 1935 the best year since 1929.

All Fields Tapped

Drillers have bored Shell wells in every major U. S. field. From them came last year nearly fifty million barrels of crude oil. From others the firm bought 34,000,000 barrels to keep its huge refineries busy.

To create its products and sell them to the American people, an army of 29,347, equal to the entire population of a city the size of Bangor, Maine, worked, for annual salaries of more than $51,500,000.

In the optimistic 1935 report there was but one note of complaint, concerning the old bugaboo of the oil industry, taxation:

"There is no sign of abatement in the discriminatory taxation levied against the petroleum industry.

"Because this taxation is largely indirect, the public may not realize the extent to which these huge charges are a direct tax on industry generally.

"Petroleum products are not luxury commodities, but essentials to practically all major industries, and excessive taxation of these products leads to unnecessarily high costs in these other industries."

Signing the report, and standing at the head of the great American Shell family, is J. C. van Eck, Netherlands-born Chairman of the Executive Committee.

He came to this country along with Shell in 1914. To-day he is the typical substantial American business man. Prematurely bald, he has clear, direct eyes which twinkle above his graying mustache.

Connecticut Commuter

To a keen observer his kindly face might indicate his chief interest outside of business—his five children. When the business day in Manhattan is over, he climbs into a speedy commuting train, and reads the evening paper until the conductor calls out "Greenwich" (Connecticut).

Comfortable living is the keynote of his home. His own stables house horses for his week-end canters. From his own greenhouses come his favorite flowers, and he may even take a hand at a bit of pruning.

Back to work the next morning, he may announce, as he did last week, a sixty-million-dollar bond issue. But altho his mind is on finance and oil, his heart is in the rolling hills of Connecticut.

Tax-Consciousness

Checks for the payment of 1935 income taxes ranging from three cents to thousands of dollars flooded *Uncle Sam's* Internal Revenue Offices last week.

Preliminary tabulations by the Treasury Department in Washington, based on telegrams from collectors throughout the country, showed actual receipts from the first of the year through March 16, the deadline date for reporting, of $361,428,990. That figure is 45.6 per cent. greater than the $248,060,133 obtained by the Government in the similar period last year.

Treasury officials cautiously welcomed the returns as "not disappointing" and added that "we expect to attain our estimates"—about $450,000,000 for the full first quarter of the year. Obviously encouraged, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau left the capital for a several weeks' fishing vacation at Sea Island, Georgia.

While recognizing the tax gain as an index of more individual and corporate prosperity, the *Boston News Bureau* noted "another coefficient of measurement. It is the increased tax-consciousness among the payers, especially as they slowly realize that heavier budgets are ahead, however the schedules may be manipulated."

In Louisiana, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* reverted to the question of "why computing these returns should be made so difficult for the person of moderate income. . . .

"The contention is made that experts at the Collector's office are always willing to help in the compilation, but even these differ in their interpretation of the law, and the average small taxpayer can not remember to bring all his petty records to the custom house, and often does not know all the exceptions to which he is entitled."

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Bet-Loving Britons

Two Billion Dollars Is Total Turnover of Great "Industry"

Betting in the United States may be considered either sporting or sinful, but betting in Great Britain ranks as one of the country's largest industries.

The austere, sober-sided *Economist*, British financial journal, put statisticians to work on the subject. Their research uncovered an "industry" in which the total turnover runs to some $2,000,000,000 yearly. Conclusions justified two articles in *The Economist*, which follow in condensed form:

British people from the middle to the end of the nineteenth century centered their gambling proclivities on horse-racing.

By the beginning of the present century, crowds began to lay bets on football. And the end of the World War ushered in greyhound-racing, and the "totalizator" or parismutuels principle of betting.

Football Bets

Horse-racing still accounts for the highest money-volume of total gambling turnover. This volume currently reaches $1,500,000,000 annually. Greyhound-racing, operated on some 300 British tracks, adds not less than $250,000,000 yearly.

In recent years, betting on the outcome of football-games in the British Isles has spread with prairie-fire rapidity. For the thirty-six weeks of the football season, pool-bets average about 8,000,000 each week and in stake about fifty cents. Pool betters, roughly, pick winners in a group, returns depending on the size of the group and the percentage of correct selections.

The present turnover can not fall far short of $150,000,000 each year.

There are many minor branches of the gambling "industry." Subscriptions to the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake totaled about $50,000,000 a year at their peak. Of these, about thirty-three cents out of each $2.50 found its way to the Irish hospitals.

Amounts "invested" in automatic gambling-machines have been put at $20 weekly a unit, or $75,000,000 yearly.

Bookies Profit

What returns does the industry offer to those who conduct its operation?

The expenses and profits of book-makers can be put at approximately 10 to 12 per cent. of the amounts staked on horse- and greyhound-racing; the total "rake-off of football-pool promoters, including 'minimum' expenses, at not less than 30 per cent.," the rate of profit of the minor forms of gambling at a much higher figure—certainly not less than 50 per cent.

The grand total of remuneration and expenses of all forms of gambling is unlikely to be lower than $250,000,000 each year.

While *The Economist* did not enter into the social and moral aspects of the betting question, it sedately advised that "the Government may well consider whether the time has not come . . . to insure that commercialized exploitation of human folly—or of 'the small man's' reaction against a drab environment—shall not yield unduly large 'professional' profits."

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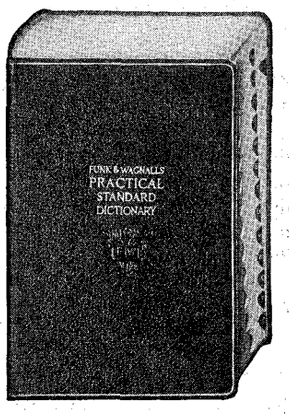

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The Open Forum

Legal Infants

Sir:—In the article on "Capital Punishment for Adolescents" (March 7 issue) you mention a number of very respectable and highly educated men and women, who do not seem to approach the subject properly, because they are overlooking the obvious fact, that "you shall not kill" is the primary and in principle the most simple of all human laws.

It is so simple, a ten-year-old child must understand it. If five or six more years do not teach him or her to recognize his fellow-man's fundamental right to life, he ought to be eliminated "in the interest of humanity and justice" —to the rest of us. DR. EUGENE J. EISNER.
Gary, Indiana.

Sir:—In the article: "Legal Infants in Electric Chair," Mr. Clarence Darrow says that the State protects all of a man's other rights until he is twenty-one and therefore should protect his life.

The legal age is a purely arbitrary device and like most of our early laws is in need of modification. The intelligence quotient of to-day's adolescent is much higher than was that of most adults a century ago. A minor is not allowed to vote, but should he fraudulently do so he is well aware of the penalties as he is of those exacted for more serious infractions.

If the executed youths in the age-brackets (seventeen to twenty years) as reported by the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment did not know that it was wrong to kill, they would never know it at any other age.
New Orleans. T. L. GAUCHAN.

Sir:—Why bother to abolish capital punishment? America has already been made safe for crime. Clemency has finished this task.

The number of lives of minors or adults which are taken by the law is as nothing when compared to the number which are taken contrary to law. Only about 150 persons are legally executed in the United States in a year's time, but during that time the number of murders averages 12,000.

Among the latter are of course scores of legal minors such as little Bobby Franks, Baby Lindbergh and scores of young girls.

Is there any league to abolish murder for legal minors or others who have committed no crime? W. H. FICKLIN.
Littleton, Colorado.

"Blued"

Sir:—A recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST states that a high official of the United States Army had been "blued," meaning that he had been relieved of his command, and, possibly, might be demoted, or given some other kind of service. I don't think it is generally known what being "blued" means in this connection.

The expression comes from the action taken in the A.E.F. when an officer was sent to Blois, France, for reclassification or demotion. During the War I was stationed at Base Hospital No. 43, at Blois, and there was a department of the United States Army where officers were court-martialed, or submitted to some change in classification or rank.

Being "blued" meant being sent to Blois, or "Bluey," as the soldiers called it.
Atlanta. FRANK K. BOLAND.

[In his new book, "American Soldiers Also Fought," published by Longmans, Green and Co., Lt. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard tells how General Harbord thought A.E.F. officers who were to be reclassified "should be sent to Cannes, and then we could say appropriately that they had been 'canned.' But what happened was almost as good: they were sent to Blois — and in Yankee-French that became 'Bloo-ey.'"

It appears obvious that General Hagood, home "awaiting orders," is due for some sort of reclassification. In his new book, "The American Army in France: 1917-1919," published by Little, Brown and Company, Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord commends the fine reclassification work done at Blois: "One colonel returned to combat duty, won the highest honors for himself and his regiment, and did splendid service, eventually retiring as a major general."—*Editor.*]

Pensions

Sir:—The American history class has been studying THE DIGEST for the past six months. We have especially been interested in the pension question and have taken active part in discussions and debates concerning the Bonus Bill and various others.

Since we have studied the pension question on all sides as closely as can be expected of a tenth grader, and have found that all who think themselves worthy of a pension have been given one, we, in behalf of all students of our school, demand a pension for all those who have served eleven or more years within its walls.

JOYCE OSTERLOH AND ANNE WAGNER.
Nordheim, Texas.

Nosegay

Sir:—An old subscriber of your magazine would like to express her increasing delight with the more and more attractive feature you are making of the Current Poetry page.

The recent addition of the photographs of poets, and the larger representation of poems, is calling forth many interested and favorable comments. MARION LEE.
Greenwood, Massachusetts.

Browder

Sir:—Between you and the Columbia Broadcasting System the bugaboo, known as Communism and Communists, is in a fair way to be destroyed.

I listened to Browder over the radio and waited in vain to hear him advise his hearers to overturn the Government by violence.

All that I could make out of his talk was a criticism of both the Democratic and Republican Parties because of their inability to get us out of the depression which they got us into.
J. T. SANDERS.
Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Sir:—Why is it that the superpatriots try to bar a man from speaking because he is a Communist (Earl Browder's recent radio talk) on the ground that under his system freedom of speech and press would be denied all opponents?

They would deny one man the right to free speech on the ground that he would deny them the same if he attained power, all in the name of democracy and the preservation of the Constitution.

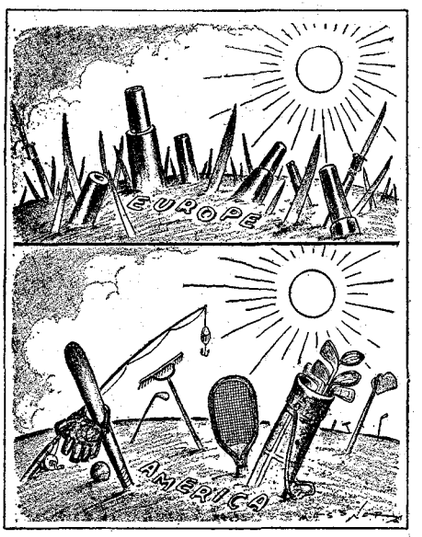
But, does not our Constitution guarantee to each citizen the right to free speech?
Brooklyn, New York. STOCKTON STEVENS.

D.A.R.

Sir:—In the issue of March 7 under the caption "Verbal Fireworks Over Schools" reference is made to Prof. George S. Counts's attack on the Daughters of the American Revolution.

To be denounced by an educator of Mr. Counts's record for radical activities can be no less than a compliment. It matters not to some speakers that our Society has never expressed itself on the income tax question. Nor does the fact that the study of American history has been one of our big projects, and that we have access to unpublished family records in addition to the text-book histories, deter these persons from declaring that the Daughters of the American Revolution are "ignorant of American history," One's sense of humor saves the situation from being serious!

MRS. VINTON EARL SISSON.
National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.
Washington, D. C.



The Warming Sun of Spring

—Messner in the Rochester Times-Union

Coal-Miners

Sir:—Has the reading public become so sentimental that it is necessary to distort and embellish all workaday themes to make them satisfactory or interesting?

This thought comes from reading your dolorous article by a "coal miner" in a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

I was a coal-miner in Pennsylvania in the early 'seventies, and while I worked at other occupations before then and afterward, I can say that coal-mining is the most satisfactory and pleasant of muscular work.

The proof of what I say is the great number of coal-miners who obstinately refuse to engage in other occupations.
Anderson, California. WILLIAM PLOTTS.

Sir:—In a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST there is an article entitled "Living the Life of a Mole," which gives the impression that all coal-mines and miner's homes are as the one depicted.

One in particular is in direct contrast. It is owned and operated by the Jewell Ridge Coal Co. in Virginia.

This mine is equipped with modern machinery to make the men's tasks a bit easier. The men work in shifts with humane men in charge, and they all have a chance to see "daylight" at different intervals, probably more so than the New York subway-worker.

The homes of the miners are built high up above the mine in clean and healthy air, are neatly painted and have sufficient ground for gardens.

For recreation the miners have a hall for dances, parties, and moving-pictures, and the education of the children is well taken care of.

On a visit to this mine, I imagined I was walking through the streets of a quiet and prosperous Northern village. H. R. L.
New York.

Epithets

Sir:—Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, would have a cinch to-day compiling his dictionary. He would take these words: Liberty Leaguer, Tory, New Dealer, Brain Truster, Radical, Red, Communist, Reactionary, International Banker, Radio Orator, etc., and define each and every one as: Epithet. They are used as such by all sides. There is entirely too much name-calling all around. Of course that method is considered more colorful than merely resorting to sound, clear, concise argument.
New York. R. C. O'BRIEN.

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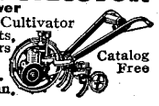

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Pagan Indians

Sir:—In a recent issue the Rev. Frederick Bingham Howden, Episcopal Missionary Bishop of New Mexico, says that "within our own borders there are 45,000 pagan Indians who worship false gods. . . ."

The dictionary says the meaning of pagan is pertaining to pagans, heathenism, a worshiper of false gods, idolater, an irreligious person. Now, no one who truly understands Indians would or could say they were pagans because the Indians worship differently from so-called Christians.

No race of people are more deeply religious than the Indian race. I know, for I am an Indian and still worship God, or The Great Spirit, or The Great Mystery, as all true Indians do fervently, purely, and with all faith.

WHO-SHON-NO.
Los Angeles. (Jane Zane Gordon.)

Sinclair

Sir:—Who will be our next President? No Democrat nor Republican will ever see the White House again! Our next President will be Upton Sinclair.

F. HABERMAN.
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Knox and Landon

Sir:—The pictures of Knox on the cover page and of Alfred Landon on page 8 of the March 7 issue certainly look as if they were having considerable trouble in their heads—both are scratching. JOHN E. HILL.
Monrovia, California.

Townsend

Sir:—Thank you for the good article on the Townsend Plan in a recent issue.

When the Plan goes into effect and all are employed you will get several million new subscribers. DR. A. H. SINSABAUGH.
Factoryville, Pennsylvania.

Thanks

Sir:—I have read with sincere interest your articles about "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and "Ace Director at Pinnacle in Films" in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

I am most happy to have the appreciation of a magazine so important as yours. And I want to thank you for your kind attitude toward me and my work. WILHELM DIETERLE.
Hollywood, California.

Errors

Sir:—May I call your attention to an error, inadvertent on your part, in a recent issue.

Under the story "Buttressing the Housing Campaign," appears a cut of a picture furnished by International Photos with the cut-line: "A. R. Clas, of the PWA, examining the model of a project which will wipe out twelve square blocks of New York City slums for the benefit of 1,600 families."

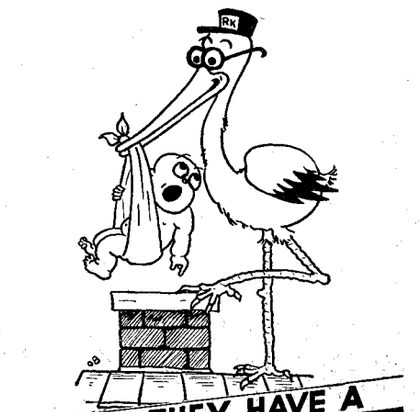
The man in the picture is not Mr. Clas, Director of PWA's Housing Division, but is Mr. Bertram L. Keyes, the Division's Chief Model Maker. It will be appreciated if you will make this correction on the cut-lines in your library to prevent repetition of the mistake.

WALTON ONSLOW.
Washington. For the Administrator.

Sir:—In the article entitled "Melodrama in Japan," which is published in a recent issue, you say that the Emperor of Japan is a descendant from the Sun God.

Permit me to correct this statement, inasmuch as the Japanese tradition has it that the Emperor is the descendant of the Sun Goddess Ama-terasu-O-Mi-Kami, which translated means: "Heaven Illuminating Great August Deity." M. C. ZEDERBAUM.
New York.

[We are informed by competent Japanese authorities that, according to tradition, the Emperor is descended from the Sun Goddess and, therefore, that Mr. Zederbaum is correct. —*Editor.*]



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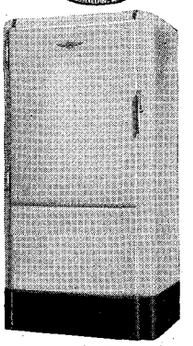

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Only Worked There.—"You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

"I dunno."

"Well, then, can you tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was?"

"I dunno."

"You don't! I assigned this stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

"Wal, I don't, mister. Ye see, I just come in to fix the radiator."—*Penn State Froth.*

Unusual.—"I turned the way I signaled," said the lady, indignantly, after the crash.

"I know it," retorted the man, "That's what fooled me."—*Second CA Radio Amateur Bulletin.*

Candid.—A farmer who was a witness in a hog-stealing case seemed to be stretching a point or two in favor of the accused.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" the prosecuting attorney roared.

"Sure."

"Do you know you are not to bear false witness against your neighbor?"

"I'm not bearin' false witness again him. I'm bearin' false witness for him."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Underpunished, at That.—He liked showing off, and seized the occasion of dining with some friends at a restaurant.

"Waitah," he called in a swaggering voice, "bring me some verulam and ova."

About fifteen minutes later the waiter returned with a plate of bacon and eggs.

"Bacon and eggs, sir," he exclaimed. "In ordinary English it would be a shilling, but in classical language it costs half a crown. 'Let the punishment fit the crime,' as we used to say at Oxford. Anything else, sir?"—*Tit-Bits.*

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"Don't Mind Him. He Used to Be With a Wild West Show."

—Lichty in Life

Or Smallest Giant. — VISITOR — "This isn't a dwarf. He's over five feet in height."

SHOWMAN—"That's the wonderful thing about him. He's the tallest dwarf in the world."—*Pastime Scrapbook.*

Rigid. — MRS. JONES — "Look, dear, how picturesque; the Browns are bringing in a Yule log."

MR. JONES—"Yule log my eye; that's Brown."—*The Bee-Hive.*

Restless.—ANGLER—"You've been watching me for three hours. Why don't you try fishing yourself?"

ONLOOKER—"I ain't got the patience."—*The Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.)*

Poor Prospect. — BUSINESS MAN—"Well, if it isn't John Corcoran, the man I met up in Maine one rainy night six years ago at the Moose River Junction railway station."

SALESMAN—"Good-by, sir."

BUSINESS MAN—"Aren't you going to try and sell me something?"

SALESMAN — "No. I sell memory-training courses."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Highly Competent.—A man of six feet eight inches applied for a job as a life guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat the devil."—*Ohio Hobo.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

There You Have Us. — Meanwhile the newspapers walked the floor and chewed their fingers. What could it be?—*New York paper.*

Sweetbreads?—It looked like a full pantry for B—— A——, Monday, when five delivery boys arrived at her house at the same time, with baskets of vitals for her epicurean delight.—*Cadiz (Ohio) paper.*

Profound Thought.—
PEACE OR WAR
DEEMED NEAR
—Oshkosh (Wis.) paper.

New Sport.—Appointed three years ago after winning a fly catching contest held by the State Department of Fisheries and Game this dashing young woman takes her job seriously.—*Bristol (Conn.) paper.*

Supernatural Sagacity.—
BODY TAKEN FROM RIVER
SUBMITS BALANCED BUDGET
—Toledo (Ohio) paper.

Tasty Toes.—If you are not fortunate enough to have one of these modern ranges, preheat the oven to 450 deg. and place the foot in it, and it will be ready to serve in one hour.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Floridian Propaganda.—WANT California IN TRADE for house here worth $3500. Ph. 844-W.—*Eugene (Ore.) paper.*

Reincarnation.—
DEAD EXECUTIVE
BORN IN CAZENOVIA
—Syracuse (N. Y.) paper.

Doubtful Benefit.—Black lace and chiffon offer plenty of transparent effects which make the skin look withered and more glamorous than all the pastels put together.—*Prescott (Ariz.) paper.*

Expert?—
PHILA. ACCENT SEEN
AS POOREST IN U. S.
BY SPEECEH EXPERT
—Philadelphia paper.

Pals, Just Pals.—Sheriff C—— W—— is carrying his left ear in a "sling" and C—— W——'s nose also, both casualties are due tc an over dose of sub-zero weather.—*Greenfield (Ind.) paper.*

Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day.—He threatened suicide frequently, started fires in waste baskets and recently entered the nursery where our infant son was asleep with an ax in his hand.—*New York paper.*

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"Detours..torn-up Streets I drive 'em Every day-

MR. DONALDSON, Vice-President and Superintendent of McGuire & Rolfe, Inc.

"PLYMOUTH sure stands up...the Safety-Steel body never loosens up."

I'M RIDING IN MY FIFTH PLYMOUTH"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH WM. W. DONALDSON, ROAD CONTRACTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"IN 25 YEARS, I've built 150,000 miles of streets and roads," says Wm. Donaldson, road contractor, of Washington, D. C.

"On every job I get plenty of traveling over detours... torn-up streets... or bad roads. My car has to stand up under this.

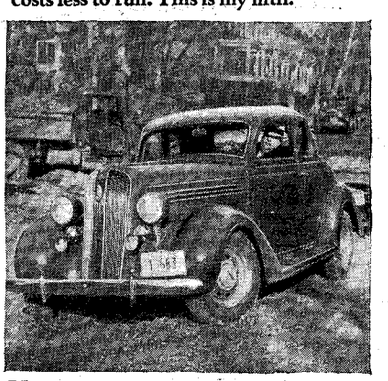
"I've been driving Plymouths ever since they were introduced... because Plymouth always gives me comfort and trouble-free service.

"It's a safe, comfortable car... the easiest car on gas and oil I ever saw—a real item, because I drive 2,500 to 3,000 miles a month."

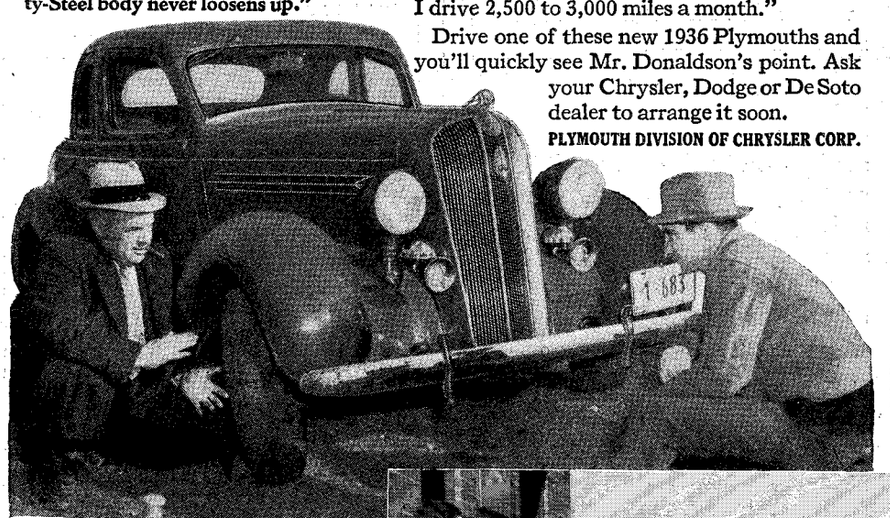
Drive one of these new 1936 Plymouths and you'll quickly see Mr. Donaldson's point. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange it soon.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

"PLYMOUTH'S easy on gas and oil... costs less to run. This is my fifth."



MR. DONALDSON says he wouldn't drive without 100% hydraulic brakes.



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You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in. Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.* *(In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.)

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AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

OFF ON ANOTHER TRIP... Mr. Donaldson drives this Plymouth 2,500 to 3,000 miles a month.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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